The Pacific, A Weekly Religious and Family Paper, was first issued in August 1851. Till 1864 it was published in behalf of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches jointly; after that, it was published in the interest of the General Association of California, by a committee of ministers and laymen, edited by a committee of ministers, until 1879. It is now owned and published by "The Publishing Company of The Pacific"—an Incorporated Company, in the interest of the Congregational churches of the Western Coast. The Directors for 1893 and 1894: Stephen S. Smith, John Henderson, W. M. Searby, I. P. Rankin, John Kimball, James L. Barker, Walter Frear.

The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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Whole No. 2162 | San Francisco, Cal., December 27, 1893. | Vol. XLII . . No. 52

[For The Pacific.]

Midnight—December 31, 1893.

Old Year, I cannot say good-bye,
We've loved so well, have you and I;
My heart is heavy, and I sigh
To think that we must part.

I cannot give the old for new,
And take the untried for the true.
Ah me! how pleasant and few
The days since first we met!

We've strayed through life's fair meadows wide,
At morn, at noon, and eventide,
With Friendship ever by our side,
And Love to lead the way.

Sometimes the cypress and the yew
Across our path dark shadows threw—
But you and I we always knew
That Love was still the guide.

And so we could not go astray,
It mattered not how dark the way;
Love led us into cloudless day,
To sunshine and to song.

Stay. The hearth-fire here is warm and bright,
Without is darkness and the night;
But morn will come with rosy light,
And we once more will roam.

Adown the silent city street
The midnight bells ring clear and sweet;
There is no sound of going feet—
But I am all alone.

L. M. Howard.

DIFFICULTIES IN CHRISTIAN WORK AT THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

BY REV. C. M. HYDE, D.D.

One of the sad consequences of President Cleveland's mistaken policy in dealing with the Hawaiian question is the gross wrong done to the natives by the false hopes of an impossible restoration, which advices from Washington have encouraged the Queen and her people to expect. There can be no more cruel wrong than this. It is worse even than the alleged wrong done by the United States Minister in collusion with the naval commander to plot the overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy. There is not the slightest possible proof of any such collusion, for in fact there was none. Hawaiian royalty was doomed to perish. It had forfeited all claims to obedience. The royalist faction had neither brains, nor pluck, nor money. Though they had plenty of ammunition, they did not dare defend the vital point, but kept themselves and their Gattling guns cooped up in the solid walls of the police station-house.

Deluded by false hopes, secretly kept alive by private assurances from Washington, the natives have been expecting from time to time the promised restoration of the Queen. They have been made to believe by false friends that Christian people have done them a grievous wrong in putting a sudden and forcible stop to the Queen's schemes of curruption, dishonesty, vice and violence. It will take a long time to disabuse their minds and bring them to a comprehension of the fact that the deposition of the Queen and consequent change of government was necessitated by the Queen's own misconduct and rejection of every possible compromise. But it is a matter of vital consequence to peace and order, harmony and good government that the debasing and degrading, polluting and pernicious influences of the Hawaiian Court should be summarily ended. If once the question of the stability of the new order of things is settled, the Hawaiians would accept it as a finality, and ultimately be convinced and satisfied that no other solution of the difficulty was practicable.

The political commotion and unrest involve disturbances in business. Trade has fallen off. Merchants find it difficult to sell their goods or collect what is due them. They are afraid to order new goods, and business is dull. Contributions to benevolent objects fall off. The Hawaiian Board would have found it difficult to meet its annual expenditure of $25,000, had not providentially the high price of sugar made a moderate success this year for the sugar planters. But the outlook for the coming year is not particularly encouraging. New enterprises in the way of more aggressive Christian work seem hardly warranted by the condition of the country or the state of the Board's treasury.

A new complication has arisen in our work for the Japanese. We were carrying on the work as we best could with the means and men at our disposal. We had made a good beginning in Honolulu and at Hilo. From the Methodist Japanese Mission there came a preacher, with whom we were glad to co-operate. But just as we were ready to organize a church, the converts were all swept into a Methodist church, and a superintendent sent down from San Francisco. But difficulties arose; the scheme was found impracticable, and the Methodists withdrew from the field, formally transferring their mission to the Hawaiian Board. Our people have all along paid the salaries of their workers from California, being ready always to co-operate in Christian work. But since the withdrawal from Honolulu, a Japanese Methodist exhorter has come down from San Francisco, drawn off the Christian Japanese, and established a Methodist church, breaking up again for the time the church organization we had been maintaining, and giving a set-back to our work among the Japanese. It is a marvel to us here how Bishop Andrews, in view of past experience and present complications, could give to this man an appointment as pastor of the Japanese Methodist church in Honolulu. His belief of his supernatural power to heal, his advocacy of this vagary of Christian science, or faith cure, a divine healing, is one instance of his ill-balanced conception of Christianity. He preaches also that immersion is the only valid mode of baptism, and carries his ideas of the necessity of the use of abundant water so far as to keep the candidate in the water for two hours. He has broken up a Christian household by persuading the wife that her marriage in Japan was not a Christian marriage, and her duty was to leave her husband. He has written to the California periodical called "The Triumphs of Faith," vilifying his countrymen here in such terms that they want nothing more to do with him, and wish him sent out of the country. We have 25,000 Japanese laborers on the Islands, and the Hawaiian Board, with its constituency of about 600 American church members, is doing its best with the resources it has, and the workers it can find, to do all in its power for the evangelization of these thousands. The work is appalling in its magnitude, without being hindered by these needless complications.

Honolulu, Dec. 9, 1893.

The Illinois State Convention of Universalists "opposed the Parliament of Religions as a recognition of the paternity of God and fraternity of man." Dr. John Hall says in a recent sermon: "I heard the other day of a brilliant man giving out what would be a popular platitude about the fatherhood of God, the motherhood of nature, and the brotherhood of man. It sounded fine; it is silly." Half a century ago this was the burden of Theodore Parker's preaching of liberalism in Boston. It was silly then; so it is now. We once asked an intelligent Christian lady: "What gospel do you hear from your pulpit?" "We don't hear any," she replied; "nothing but the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." The pastor is a "Congregational liberal," so-called. His preaching falls short of Theodore Parker's, and of the "platitude" quoted by Dr. Hall in one point, and gets no nearer to Christianity and salvation than the Universalist characterization of the Parliament of Religions. If Mr. Moody were to adopt this twaddle, would he see as the result a great revival of religion? Lord Radstock, the English lay evangelist, has been in India for some time, and finds a widespread and growing readiness to listen to the gospel. Suppose he, or Dr. Pentecost, should take to that country what it has helped bring to Chicago, "a recognition of the paternity of God and the fraternity of man"—"only this and nothing more"—would India be brought to Christ? Lord Radstock reminds us that "there are 100,000,000 of women in India who can only be reached by women, and for these there are, at the outside, 300 zenana ladies." Suppose, instead of carrying to them the story of the cross, the zenana women just tell them that God is the father of all, and so all men are their brothers. How much repentance and faith in Christ would this produce? How many conversions? We met the other day two ladies who had traveled much abroad, one of them having been round the world, and both had learned, they said, that foreigners who are not Christians are about as good as Americans who are. Suppose our missionaries preach this, instead of "Ye must be born again"!

G. F. M.

"Our Christian work has become largely institutional instead of personal, and therefore largely mechanical instead of vital.—*Strong's New Era.*

A hint here of one of the dangers of institutional churches, and one of the very hardest to guard against in the nature of the case.

Whatever God does, he does for our good.

HOME THOUGHTS.

BY REV. DR. GEO. F. MAGOUN.

Let me assure friends and brethren on your Coast, who seem to bring what I write you under the Pauline précept, "to do good and to communicate, and forget not," that even a retired pastor and college President has many things for brain and heart and pen to be busy about.

And does the editor of The Pacific need to be told of quick and warm Christian sympathy with him in his recent loss? One who has been through such a passage of personal and home history *knows* how like the going out of the light of life it is.

We have been deeply anxious of late for our beloved Dr. Robbins of Muscatine and his wife. She has been so low at times as to be unconscious, but some relief has come. The veteran pastor was not reduced so far, and he is now hopefully recovering. What would Muscatine be without this admirable and honored couple? Meantime, the half-century of Dr. Robbins' ministry to one and the same people has been fulfilled; for he came to the little village on the Mississippi, then Bloomington, in November, 1843. Two or three years later a seminary classmate, Dr. Satler, came to Burlington, and is there still. But Dr. Robbins outranks all pastors of all denominations this side of the Mississippi. His service has been as vigorous as it has been long; sustained by exceptional resolution and courage, by great foresight and wisdom, and racy and relishable pulpit ministrations. His sermons are to-day as suited to the times and as bright and suggestive in themselves as they ever were, and this is saying a good deal. The church has often been visited with special converting grace, and the standard of gospel truth has never been lowered to suit current theological fads. He had held up firmly and high the simple gospel of salvation through Christ crucified. Anti-slavery and temperance reform never had a truer supporter in an Iowa pulpit.

The difference between the Andover project of future probation and that of Messrs. Lewis and Cheever (Henry J), mentioned in a former letter, is that the former locates the additional probation of men before the Judgment Day, and the latter after it. Objection is made to calling even this a "second" probation, because the man who is to be resurrected and judged is imagined to be so different from the man who went into the grave; all that is individual, and characteristic having been destroyed, and only the "divine germ" of his being, whatever this may be, brought forth in his resurrection. It "is not a revival" for trial of character of the same life which was lost, nor is it another trial of the same personality. These have been consigned to destruction. How do we know this? The man on trial now is linked to the man who lived, sinned, died, and was punished in hell (curatively), for hell is a cure now by the simple fact that they belong to one and the same race, though the former was merely mortal, and the latter is made immortal by Christ's atonement. This immortality is not, however, conditioned at all on his repenting, for he has not yet repented. He does this in hell on being judged. But after redemptive resurrection, there is to be a new probation, non-material, spiritual, fitting up the earth again into "a redeemed humanity," without sin or disease, the "germinal divine nature" in man made immortal by Christ and now re-incarnate. But the saints, and even devout heathen, *do not need* this earth state after judgment, and go at once to heaven. So only those who are Christ's are immortal; there is no realm of lost, sinful, suffering souls, those who reject the Saviour after judgment conveniently passing out of existence. This is the new scheme proposed to the Presbyterian Church as a pattern for the coming revision—central in it being the figment of resurrection as redemptive for those who have been punished—*i. e.*, disciplined (the idea of punishment being repudiated) in hell after judgment.

You would expect to find, along with such "extra-biblical" and extra-rational conceits as these, others quite as far from sobriety of thought. Thus it is asserted that "what is remitted are not penalties, but the sins which make penalties necessary." This is of a piece with the narrow exegesis which interprets Matt. i: 21 to mean an ethical benefit merely, excluding salvation from "wrath." Then, the gospel preached to the dead was that of the coming redemption by resurrection. Then, of necessity, the atonement is denied to be a redemption under moral government, and made a mere expression of divine love; and the motive it places before men is the hope of (organic?) identification with Christ, the elect seed (good men) redeeming the world just as he does, and bringing about him as a center a new humanity. And Professor Briggs, Lyman Abbott, Dr. Newton, and their fellows, are the prophets of this unexampled "new redemption." Hear ye them!

Grinnell, December 11, 1893.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

HOW TO ATTAIN UNTO IT.

"And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called "the way of holiness." The unclean shall not pass over it, for he shall be with them; the wayfaring men though fools, shall not err therein." I use the marginal translation, and that preferred by Barnes and Lowth, as more happily expressing the original and giving the great reason why the traveler need not stray from the path of holy living; viz., their Lord is with them.

We all have a beautiful ideal of holy living. It is divinely given, drawn by the Holy Ghost, and hung up in the chamber of imagery. It is a life of fervent and supreme love to God, our Father and our friend, and of warm sympathy and affectionate regard for our fellow-men. It is that of a walk hand-in-hand with the dear Redeemer, enjoying his counsels and receiving his aid. The Holy Ghost dwells within, giving us peace and power, and hope, and love, and joy, and all needed help.

"Thus we wait for Christ's appearing,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the cheerful strain of evening."

No Christian, and, perhaps, no man, can say, "I am a stranger to such a picture; I have never seen it." He has seen it a hundred times, admired it, and said, "Such I ought to be, and such I must be—or, at least, on the way to it—or I cannot enter the kingdom of God." But I am reasoning now with an earnest class of Christians, who fully believe in a much higher religious life than they have hitherto lived, and one of far greater usefulness and larger endowment. And they long to climb up into that "highway of holiness" so graphically described by Isaiah. To aid such by a few practical suggestions will be the aim of this letter.

1. If God has put into your heart this longing, it is a hopeful sign. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after," etc.

2. God is far more desirous of having your feet planted in that "highway of holiness" than you are, or the most devout friend you have. That royal road was made for you.

3. There is ample help at hand to lead you there—the help of One mighty to save. Please take the Book and read what God says in Isaiah xl: 27–31, "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hidden from the Lord," etc. Hear Peter also tell us how God "by his divine power hath given to us all things which pertain to life and godliness." That is enough; if God will help you, what more do you want?

4. Starting off with these facts—that there is such a highway of holiness, that you ought to walk in it and desire to do so; that God is eager you should, and is more than ready to help you—the next step is to ask the Holy Spirit to take your hand and lead you there. Ask deliberately, ask sincerely. And,

5. Ask in faith. That is, lay it down as an unquestioned fact that God heard every word you said; his heart was moved by your request, and did then and there take your hand with purpose to lead you by the wisest way possible, up into the royal road. Believe it, affirm it, and reaffirm it, in the face of all questionings.

6. Since new-born faith is weak, ask the Holy Spirit to strengthen it. And whenever a doubt comes up, ask him still to help, and when you ask for this, rely upon him to do it, for it cannot be that he will not have a deep sympathy with your weakness and struggles. Yes; when you ask this Divine leading and help, "believe that ye receive it, and ye shall have it." See Mark xi: 24.

7. Don't insist on God's leading you according to the plan of experiences you had marked out. God may have a better way. Give up your way, and ask him to substitute for it his own.

8. You may ask to be delivered from the power of sin now. You need it now. The Holy Spirit desires it now, that he may lead you unhindered upward.

9. As to the time when you shall receive the endowments you seek and need, leave that to the Lord, who will not withhold them one moment after you are prepared for them. It may take some time—perhaps ten days of prayer and seeking, as in the case of the apostles. It may take less or more. Leave that all with him. Only one thing relating to it is all-important, that is that you believe and expect, in due time, that he who baptizes with the Holy Ghost and with fire, our everlasting Great High Priest, will come and lay his hand upon you, and anoint you for your sphere of power and usefulness in his Church.

10. Should questions arise as to your motives in seeking these blessings, go at once and ask the Universal Helper to aid you there, and if they are wrong, set them right.

In closing this article, let me ask, Is there one weakness in all our nature and circumstances where our loving Redeemer is not ready to help us? And if there is not, why tarry we another day in Kadesh Barnea? Why not take the hand of Jesus, our Divine Joshua, and let him lead us over the border, and across the Jordan, and into a full possession of the Promised Land? "All things are possible to him that believeth."

S. Bristol.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB.

The coldest days of the season are upon us, the mercury going at night below zero.

Yesterday afternoon the writer was favored with all too brief a call from Brother Kimball, associate editor of The Pacific, sad and yet cheerful with his errand of affection. He had just laid the precious form of his gentle life-companion beneath the cold, cold snows of Vermont, beside the urn of a little daughter—

That with affection glows,
In memory, 'neath the snows.

A slight cold had smitten him this side of the Rockies on his way East, and our New England climate had increased it. He could not be persuaded to tarry for a night, but took an evening boat-train for New York. Nature's cold requium intensified the sense of loneliness within while he journeyed away from the shrine of his domestic affections.

Her mantle of ermine to emerald shall turn,
When spring's resurrection shall bloom;
Her dust's sacred urn
With new life fire shall burn—
In garments of white, to the regions of light,
Her form shall uprise from the tomb.

The fifth anniversary of the American Sabbath Union, Dr. J. K. Knowles Secretary, was held in the Marble Collegiate church, New York, December 10th to 12th. Among the speakers on the program for the three days were Rev. Drs. D. J. Burrell, sermon; Geo. S. Mott presiding; T. A. Fernley, Secretary Phila. Sub. Ass'n, oldest in the country; T. L. Cuyler; C. H. Payne; W. W. Atterbury; A. H. Plumb, Vice-President Mass. S. P. League, on "The Sunday Secular Press"; C. L. Thompson; H. K. Carroll of the New York *Independent*; R. S. MacArthur; J. M. King and others. Monday afternoon was largely given to reports from Sabbath organizations and business.

The President of the Massachusetts Sunday Protective League, by request, in case of non-attendance, sent a letter congratulating the Union on its prospective national work, and suggesting that "the importance of vigorous co-operating organizations in all the States of the Union for mutual protest and concerted action cannot be overestimated. In addition to other secularizing influences, the country is being flooded with Sunday newspapers that carry the cares, thoughts and secularities of the week into the morning hours of our sacred rest day, and by preoccupation of the minds of the readers, deprive multitudes of the spirit and habit of worship. * * * Many church members should follow conscience more and convenience less in their observance of the Lord's day. The financial failure of Sunday-opening of the World's Fair is an evidence that the religious sentiment of the country, when stirred to expression, declares in favor of our civil rest day, the Christian Sabbath. * * * Should the tragic death of the official head of the great city, the representative of whose municipal government were so officious for the desecration of the Lord's Day for gain, be regarded as a judgment from heaven? May the friends of the Sabbath expect that the Lord of the Sabbath will providentially rebuke the enemies and desecrators of the day renewedly made sacred by his resurrection? * * * How can the religious sentiment and Christian conscience of the land be roused to a positive and emphatic practical protest against the increasing secularization of the day? Our League has secured through the railroad commissioners the repression of all Sunday excursion trains on the steam railways of the State. The demand of 'public necessity' for the first day of the week is chiefly an opportunity to get gain and to seek pleasure, in utter disregard of the religious character of the day."

Hon. John E. Sanford, Chairman of our Railroad Commission, says that for himself he should be glad to dispense with all Sunday travel, including horse-cars—that the writer has not patronized in twenty-five years, and but once or twice in a lifetime, having lived in Boston for nearly forty years before cars were introduced. How does he get on? Come and see. How do those get on and up who habitually disregard the day?

Dr. Knowles sent out before the meetings above referred to, several hundred, copies of the following question, asking for a prompt and brief response.

"In view of the fact that the Sunday secular newspaper imposes an unnecessary burden of Sunday labor upon thousands throughout our country, and also seriously tends to divert attention from the sacred duties of the Lord's Day among Christians, what practical method would you suggest to counteract its influence?"

Our Massachusetts League, in substance, replied: Let all Christian people refuse to read it, and to advertise in it, and by public address, and through the press, and by private words and influence, persuade others to do likewise. Prompt the arm of civil law to restrain all unnecessary Sunday traffic. Why exempt Sunday traffic in newspapers more than in other secularities? Let all churches and ministers who do not compromise themselves protest against this enemy and rival of their work entering their parishes. Stop Sunday trains that spread the unhallowed leaven.

There is religious and moral power enough in the State, if *roused* and *applied*, and *continuously held to the issue*, to effect, in time, with God's blessing, the reforms that should be sought by the divinely empowered Church, of which Christ is the living and reigning head.

It is with regret this pen states that the municipal election of Tuesday did not follow the precedent of the State.

Borax.

Boston, Dec. 14th.

LARGEST CHURCHES.

The ten largest Congregational churches in the United States are:

Place.	*Name.*	*Members.*
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Plymouth	1,816
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Tompkins avenue	1,763
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Central	1,750
Chicago, Ill.,	First	1,303
Chicago, Ill.,	Union Park	1,271
Oberlin, O.,	First	1,245
Oakland, Cal.,	First	1,215
New York, N. Y.,	Tabernacle	1,148
Minneapolis,	Plymouth	1,073
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Church of the Pilgrims	1,045

Their pastors are, respectively, Lyman Abbott, Drs. Meredith, Behrends, Goodwin, Noble, Brand, McLean, Stimson, Wells, Storrs. Rev. Dr. Storrs has been the pastor of his church since 1846, and all of the above splendid corps are men of renowned ability. It is as remarkable that a single city should have four of these largest churches as it is that they are all outside of New England. It is a pleasant surprise that one of them is in California. These are great churches in everything. They are fountains of generosity and godliness.

Three of the above churches stand among the ten churches credited with the largest numerical net growth during 1892. We shall name *eleven* churches in this list, because the First church in this city occupies that position, and is clearly entitled to be named:

	Additions.
Seattle, Plymouth	205
Oakland, First	193
Chicago, First	165
Tacoma, First	161
Portland, Or., First	147
San Francisco, Plymouth	122
Brooklyn, Central	117
San Diego, First	114
Detroit, Plymouth	114
Springfield, Ill., First	97
San Francisco, First	92

These statistics are almost one year old, but it is only about four months since they appeared in the Year Book, and came to hand this week in the Congregationalist Hand Book. Many will read them in The Pacific who have not seen them before. They are interesting facts and worth repeating. To God be all the glory for the Church of his Son and all her glorious achievements.

The modest will not easily sin.

Home Missions.

PACIFIC GROVE, P. O. BOX 202.

HOW ONE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY WAS ORGANIZED.

[The following letter, though a personal one, is so suggestive we give it to the readers of our column:]

I want to tell you about our pleasant visit to the Campbells ladies last Wednesday. We, Mrs. Ross, wife of a deacon in our San Jose church, and mother of a deacon in the Campbells church, and myself, went by invitation of the Missionary Society newly organized. We drove out in Mrs. Ross' buggy, and the ride was charming, this day being one of the four or five days we had last week of June weather, left over apparently from last summer, but with the happy absence of dust our summer days have.

The Campbells church is a delight to the eye within, and made us wonder why more of our small churches are not as attractive. Perhaps because more of them have not been designed by our Christian Endeavor architect, Francis N. Reid.

There had been a funeral from the church in the morning, one of the promising and loved young men of their Y. M. C. A. having been taken from them suddenly by an accident, and the profusion of flowers had been so great that a quantity were left in the church, and the air was delicious with heliotrope and violets.

Seventeen ladies met us, and we had a most pleasant and, we trust, profitable visit together. The exercises were opened by the President of the Missionary Society, and I was asked to conduct the devotional exercises. We sang, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." Then for a few moments we turned our thoughts to "fellowship" as including "partnership"; the privileges, blessings, delights of fellowship—the duties, the demands of partnership; the true test of fellowship being loving, loyal service to the Saviour, whose life and death made us co-heirs in the kingdom of heaven. And then we talked a little of this kingdom that we love—how a woman can take a little of the leaven of divine grace, and with God's blessing, so use it that out of dull, heavy, earthy environments can be brought forth the bread of life to make other souls strong for the kingdom. Then we had a few earnest prayers.

After this the Secretary read the minutes of the last meeting, in which they organized as a "Missionary Society" with the following officers: President, Mrs. Moulton; Vice-President, Mrs. White; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Shaw. Their constitution was also read. They agree to meet once a month, and to divide their moneys equally between home and foreign work. And this question came up, "Can a Society be auxiliary to either home or foreign society unless it devotes all its money to one or the other?"

They would like to be auxiliary to both, but feel it is best to have one strong society and divide funds. After their business was transacted, I told them of the new methods of our two missionary societies in San Jose—how in the Foreign we are studying India thoroughly this year, and in the Home have begun a systematic study of the five co-operative societies; also of the home missionary work in Northern California, leaving with them home missionary maps, and telling them of our especial interest in Trinity county.

They decided to adopt a similar plan; voted the meeting for next month a Foreign Missionary meeting, with India the study, and appointed a committee to plan the hour's program. They intend alternating the two in this way, and I am to send them material for the next home missionary hour. They also mean to do what they can in conjunction with us for Trinity county. As the women of Redwood church share in this with us, we now have the three strands of the cord pulling earnestly and prayerfuily for Trinity county. May the Spirit bless Mr. Galloway's work for Christ in that county more abundantly, because of the triangle of prayer that is made in Santa Clara valley for him. After the meeting, a surprise was in store for us all. The two ministers' wives (both such lovely women)—Mrs. Windsor, the pastor's wife, and Mrs. James, whose husband is a minister-farmer at present—having provided refreshment for the inner woman. The tea was hot and good, the dainty cakes and "missionary cookies" were delicious, and the large circle of nineteen ladies and one wonderfully good little child enjoyed the opportunity greatly. Then Mrs. James, who is a fine musician, gave us music on her sweet-toned piano, and with cordial good-byes and hand-clasps we came away. Every new missionary circle takes a place in my heart, and love seems to grow for each one as it did for each new baby that came into our hearts and home years ago.

MARY H. EDWARDS.

For answer to the question asked, "Can a society be auxiliary to either home or foreign society unless it devotes all its money to one or the other?" look in the Constitution of the Woman's Board of the Pacific and of the California Woman's Home Missionary Society. The majority of societies throughout our land are union societies—that is, in the smaller churches. Every woman who studies India and then Trinity county, and so on, till she knows the needs of the whole world, will find her heart constantly growing larger and sweeter and fuller of the love of Christ.

THE WAY A HOME MISSIONARY MEETING WAS MADE INTERESTING.

Our subject was "Foreign Home Missions in Massachusetts." The October *Home Missionary* contains an article on that subject, by Rev. Joshua Coit, which should not be overlooked. By dividing it into three parts, it is not too long to reproduce orally. We were fortunate enough to secure three sweet-voiced women, members of the Weekly Current News Club, who held us spell-bound, while they rehearsed to us the dangers that are threatening our own New England. Following this article, a private letter was read from Lewiston, Maine, on the same subject.

Enough, surely, to rouse enthusiasm for home missions in every American citizen. This, together with the fellowship that always comes, even when a small company meet in "his name," and the planning for some "Christmas cheer for the babies," as suggested by Rev. L. L. Wirt in THE PACIFIC, and the passing of a resolution to give a $25 lift towards helping out that last $500 in Mayflower church, made us glad that we were there. COM.

OUR CHURCH AT THE FRONT.

It is due to the generous friends of our hard toilers at the front, as well as the toilers themselves, that their exact condition be known. Forty-eight of our churches, all but seven of them west of Cleveland, have felt compelled to build absolutely needed houses of worship. They have sent very reasonable, and, in most cases, moderate applications to the Congregational Church Building Society for aid. Most of them laid their plans before the financial depression was serious. Obligations were assumed and work begun in confident hope of aid from this society. Seven applications date back to July, nine came in August, seventeen came in September. At the later meetings of the Board there was not a dollar to vote to any one.

The applicants are in distress. Several have been compelled to borrow money and pay up to date and stop. Several others are in danger of being sold out for debt.

The Board instructs its officers to press this matter on the attention of the churches, ladies' societies, Endeavor societies, Sunday-schools and personal friends of the work. The Board will hold a special relief meeting as soon as funds warrant. Will the friends of these hard toilers put it in our power to send Christmas greetings to applicants in the form of a pledge of needed aid?

WM. HAYES WARD, Chairman.
L. H. COBB Secretary.

NEW YORK, N. Y., 59 Bible House, December 15, 1893.

P.S.—Forty-three of the 188 churches in California, 13 of the 46 churches in Oregon, 30 of the 99 churches in Washington, will not need to feel pressed by this appeal, unless their hearts warm up to a second contribution this year. Eighty-six out of 333 in the three States have remembered the church building work. For this we are grateful, and our friends on the frontier will be still more grateful. There is no better fellowship than the fellowship of helping. There are several churches on the Pacific Coast who have called as loudly, and are still calling, as any we have had on our list. We are exceedingly anxions to help. We know by experience the damage of being obliged to wait for absolutely needed help on church building enterprises.

We are sure no one on the Pacific Coast will think the above appeal over-urgent when they call to mind the fact that up to last January 1st this Society had aided 105 churches in California, 26 in Oregon and 58 in Washington, 289 in all, in building houses of worship, and that each of these have given the Society a promise in writing prior to the payment of the grant or loan, that they would sent contributions or installments every year. There will be time for this excellent pledge to be fulfilled after this letter through THE PACIFIC reaches the churches, as our books do not close until December 31st.

L. H. C.

The American says "depot," the Englishman says "station." The American says "ticket office," the Englishman says "booking office." The American says "I guess," the Englishman says "I fancy." The American says "crackers," the Englishman says "biscuits." The American says "checkers," the Englishman says "draughts." The American says "yeast," the Englishman says "barm." The American calls the close of the meal "dessert," the Englishman calls it "sweets." The American says "sexton," the Englishman says "doorkeeper."—*Nashville Church Advocate.*

PRAYER-MEETING SELF-DENIALS.

When a pastor does all the thinking for his flock and leads the prayer-meeting himself, of course, all is harmonious; but where the flock is composed of thoughtful men and women, the question how all shall be "of one accord," in "one place," and ready for Pentecostal blessing, is worthy of some study.

With the discarding of the prayer-meeting Fetich of Edification, for which we heartily thank Dr. Clark and his Endeavorers, a new difficulty arises. We recognize that all may speak, but how may this be done and yet the meeting lose none of that unity of purpose and harmony of parts so essential to the true prayer-meeting?

The topic is known beforehand, and each member is requested to think and to pray over the chosen subject before coming together. Since God gives to each according to his ability and to his need, each faithful member has probably received his own special message from God upon the topic, one which perhaps no other member could receive so well or give so clearly. But if the members are of marked individuality, these messages may be so diverse as to make it impossible to present them all in one harmonious view. We cannot give both sides of a house in one picture, and Ruskin explains how a landscape artist may not rightfully attempt a panorama, but must be willing to take a very limited line of vision for any one presentation. If he attempts more, his whole message will be lost. Much the same is true of a prayer-meeting. All the lines of thought suggested by one topic cannot rightfully be touched upon, but usually only some one line of mental vision may be followed if a harmonious and effective presentation is to be attained. If for Art's sake self-denial is demanded of a painter, much more in a prayer-meeting may self-denial for Christ's sake be required of its members.

The average prayer-meeting usually falls into one of two methods. Either the leader, after opening the meeting with prayer and a statement of the topic, leaves it wholly to the members to give individual messages, or he himself strikes the keynote of the meeting, holding it to some special line of thought, and calling upon individuals for amplification or for testimony.

In the first of these methods (unless some one dominant mind assumes the lead) it naturally follows that the meeting is less one clear impressive view than many bits, diverse in character; and the question arises, How shall these be presented that they may help and not hinder one another?

The first notes struck in a prayer-meeting, as in music or color harmonies, set the key, and no one would willingly add an unrelated chord or color. The thought pictures or chords have been formed in the stillness of each soul; but when the grouping comes and the first chord has been given, which ones may rightfully follow? Similarity of subject is not enough; it is the tone, the key, that must rule. Does our thought develop the one that has gone before and prepare for those that may follow? If not, however God-given, its place is not here. We all know how the loveliest flower may spoil a group because its voice is in another key; even so, unrelated thoughts cannot produce harmony.

It is to be supposed that each leader of a prayer-meeting has prayerfully considered what lesson may be at a given time most profitably presented, and in such case he may desire to hold the thought of the members in one special line, that, if possible, they may be led to grasp and develop thoughts they would not otherwise have had. This method is the one usual among evangelists and pastors. The leader makes, perhaps, a lengthy opening, endeavoring to suggest the lines of thought which he wishes the members to take up and elaborate, that united seeking may bring special help along special lines. In such cases, self-denial and discernment are specially needed in the fellow-workers. That each should set aside his own message and through sympathy discern the message of the leader and assist it, is most important. The first to speak after the leader's opening may by a word turn the entire current of thought into a different channel and all the leader's preparatory work be wasted. As when the opening chords of a hymn being struck one unresponsive to the pitch may change the key and cause confusion, so if the leader chords are followed by a tone unattuned, the company is divided and a broken harmony ensues even among most loving members. This in a prayer-meeting, as in music, is usually the unconscious work of some well-meaning and most Christian member, and in most cases a little forethought might prevent it.

Sometimes the leader himself, in his opening, gives broken and uncertain chords, having a thought, yet failing to present it felicitously, leaving a sense of confusion for his followers to disentangle. This is occasion for special care and tenderness on the part of others. To lay aside one's own God-given message for another's questionable one, to discern the best that other sought to utter, and then so gather the broken threads and so weave in among them others that they shall become strong and helpful—this is what only love can do, but of all the blessed privileges of a prayer-meeting it is the highest. It is easy to bring unity by silencing all but one string; but monotony is not harmony, and a prayer-meeting should be a full, sweet harmony in which each particular heart should bear its part, only each in humility preferring and helping the other, and sometimes here, as in the "concord of sweet sounds," remembering that "they also serve who only stand and wait." COM.

DR. FAIRBAIRN ON THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION.

BY PROF. F. H. FOSTER.

The Lancashire Independent College, located at Manchester, recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. There were many interesting exercises—a sermon by Dr. Simon, Principal of the United College at Bradford; addresses by other professors and by famous English pastors, etc.; but among them all the most interesting to the writer was Dr. Fairbairn's address on what I will venture to phrase for him as "The Importance and the Conditions of a Learned Ministry." So much of it is peculiarly appropriate to our condition on the Pacific Coast that I have selected the following specimens for reprinting. After some opening congratulatory words, the speaker passed to an account of the different systems of theological education prevailing in different nations, and then described the origin, the peculiarities and the great limitations of the early English Congregational theological schools. He then proceeded thus:

"For mark who came forth from those academies in a time of academic barrenness! You had Isaac Watts, not only a writer of hymns whose majesty entitles them to a foremost place in our service of song, but also other books that trained the mind in reasoning, and that even academic dignitaries were forced to recognize as excellent instruments of training; Philip Doddridge, hymn writer, too, but also scholar and preacher, maker of preachers and scholars, while one of the saintliest and most genial of men; to him must be added John Foster, who, before Butler, anticipated the argument of the analogy in its most cardinal point; Jeremiah Jones, author of a "History of the Canon," that even the University of Cambridge for long was glad to publish and use as the best available in England; Nathaniel Lardner, author of "The Credibility of the Gospel History," so learned and so massive in his learning that without him Paley's "Evidences" could never have been, for all the research of Paley is derived from Lardner. Then, besides, you must throw into the balance men like Daniel Neal, the historian of the Puritans; men like Edward Williams, the man who introduced into English theology, and made regnant within it, the later or conditioned theory of the divine Sovereignty. And to these we may add, going outside our own academies, families like the Taylors of Norwich, who, when Hebrew was at a discount and the universities were too dignified to teach it, cultivated Hebrew in obscurity. Or men like Joseph Priestley, who had science as one of his fields of research, where he achieved rare distinction, while in the department of history he was a belligerent person, an unceremonious and plain-spoken foe of Gibbon, though here, we must confess, he sometimes was more distinguished for audacity than for knowledge.

"Here, then, we have a most remarkable record of men made in academies, as distinguished from men formed in universities. And how is it to be explained? Well, there are two things to be borne in mind. First, these colleges were almost all in obscure places, and their obscurity was their salvation. They were not played upon by the hundred forces of the busy city life. They could live in quiet. A day was a day to them. It was not a very small fraction of an hour stolen, often by something like deceit, out of the day. They had the day to themselves. Their academies rose in Tewkesbury, in Gloucester, in Kibworth, in Northampton, in Daventry, in Newport Pagnell, in many another little rural place. There the men were alone with their work, their task, their truth, and they could do the work without fear of the city and its crowd and its hurry. And then, secondly, the students who came up to work were rigorously made to work. Learning was their main concern, the duty which was the real cause of their presence or academic being; and there is nothing so marvelous as the way in which they are not allowed to preach too soon. They came to learn, and learning is dealt with as if it were their serious business. And so you will find in the early terms a grinding at Latin, and algebra, and geometry; Latin made the necessary medium of communication between man and man, in speech and in writing, though if you entered the tutor's house and addressed the daughters of the family, you were for the occasion permitted to break into English. Then, and the first business of the college with him, is to make him learn, turn him into a student who, when he comes out, will know literature, how to master it, how to make it, how to husband his days, how to pluck out of the waste of fleeting hours time for study and time for thought. Then, with the pent-up enthusiasm of long learning within him, out he will come into the world, in among the worldly churches he will go, and be able on higher ground and with a nobler spirit to speak to them of diviner and sublimer things.

Several pages then follow on the new and changed conditions in England; then Dr. Fairbairn continues:

"Now, this is a long historical discussion, but it has its own purpose, and that purpose you will not be slow to learn. First and foremost we see that, while the method changes, the end abides. Our aim is permanent, but our means must forever vary. We are here to create a learned ministry. Mark you, no ministry that is not in some degree learned ever has been in possession of permanent elevating power. There is not a man who has exercised real abiding influence within the Church of Christ who has not come out of the hands of some great master and been qualified by him for the highest service. Just cast a brief glance over the great masters and teachers of the Church. Irenæus, the first biblical and constructive theologian, was a disciple of Polycarp, who was the disciple of John. Tertullian, bravest and most eloquent of apologists, was trained in the law of Rome and in all the science of his time. Out of the Catechetical School of Alexandria came Clement, to whom we owe so much knowledge of ancient philosophy, and so varied a presentation of Christian truth; and he had, as scholar, Origen, the most learned and most potent of Greek divines, whose scholars were in all the churches, and whose hand has been upon all the centuries. Athanasius was the pupil of Alexander. Basil and Gregory Nazianzen, and Chrysostom, studied in the ancient Greek schools, learned letters there, and the eloquence that made them reign as masters over the spirit of their time. Augustine came to Paul through Plato, and was qualified to be a father of the Church by being a scholar of ancient philosophy. Anselm was a scholar of Lanfranc, and in the abbey of Bec pursued those meditations that made him the foremost exponent of theistic belief on the one hand, and the first theologian to state and to explicate, in rational and scientific form, the doctrine of the atonement on the other. In Thomas Aquinas the sciences, which made the University of Paris famous, lived and spoke; while the learning and speculation of Oxford took shape in Duns Scotus. And these represent the most potent forces of religious thought as shaping religious conduct in the Middle Ages. Wycliffe became a reformer because he had been a student of Occam and of Oxford, and his scholar was John Huss, who learned from his English master the faith he preached in life and confessed in death. Luther, through his studies, found the truth which reformed the Church; and Calvin was a master of theological dialectic, because through human learning he came to the divine faith. And from then till now the men who have made the mind and guided the spirit of the Church have been those who knew how submissively to follow truth, to find the truth they followed, and to commend what they found, by weight of argument and eloquence of language, to the reason of men. Without Cambridge Cartwright could never have written his 'Admonition.' Without Oxford Hooker could never have conceived and elaborated his 'Ecclesiastical Polity.' Richard Baxter was the most fervid of preachers, but also the most subtle of metaphysicians and elaborate of schoolmen. John Howe's 'Living Temple' is, as it were, the creation of 'pious meditation fancy fed,' but the imagination it breathes is one cultivated by the study of the humaner letters, and the argument it conducts expresses a large philosophy. These are but a selection of names, taken from the ages, illustrative of the truth here enforced, that the only ministry that will be a permanent and efficient ministry is one formed by discipline, by strenuous study, by the action of the great human minds upon and within the mind that is to speak for God to men.

"It is evident, then, that you can never have a ministry of power unless you have a ministry of thought and learning; real, not sham learning, penetrated through and through over and above those branches of learning, they had to pursue metaphysical, and logical, and historical studies through books little known now, very terrible then. When, just before the last term, a man had before him the coming pastorate, he might, as a great concession, be allowed to go out to preach. Now, mark you, therein was the saving of the old academy. A man does not come into a college to be a supply, or to find in it an excellent register for vacant pulpits. He does not come into a college simply that he may adorn the college by airing his eloquence. He comes into a college to learn to study, and his first business, with the spirit of truth as with the Spirit of Christ. But how are you to get it? Let me, then, be quite frank and say, you must begin by creating colleges that allow such men to live and to work. For look at theology. It was once a very easy thing to master. Some of us remember very well how it used to be mastered. You only had to get up so many very formal propositions, and write them out as careful definitions. Then you had to get so many proof texts, selected anywhere, so that they were texts. Then you had, of course, a careful grinding in the sacred tongues, which was of course altogether pure good. But, then, that grinding in the tongues was often—I do not speak for all, I can only speak for a poor solitary self—was often not in order to the scientific and historical interpretation of the actual written word, but of what came to it from without. Now, in contrast to the older, mark the extraordinary veracity of modern theological studies and their no less extraordinary variety. They must be veracious. They have to deal with all things in the way of history. The first question of every man to-day is, how a thing, a word, an institution, a doctrine came to be. You must ask how it came to be if you are ever to hold it explained? Hence the whole method of Old and New Testament criticism is summed up in this, an attempt to explain how the Scriptures came to be; and of comparative religions, in how religions came to be. The entire inquiry into the founding of the Church resolves itself into how it came to be. The entire question as to the evolution of doctrine is how and for what reason it came to be. Why you are taken back face to face with the questions that chemists and geologists consider at the threshold of being relative to the genesis of the world. You are taken back to the primitive religions of people, and you are forced to ask their relations to Scripture, and Scripture's relations to them. You are brought down through every century of man's life, made to come face to face with his beliefs, and compelled to ask whence and what they are. And you cannot deal with these things as if you were in a seminary, where a high authority had formulated belief, and all that was needed was submission to the mind and decree of the authority. You must vindicate belief by explaining it. You must make theology able to live amid the sciences that command and that exercise the intellect of man.

"So what we have to do is, as far as possible, to make colleges literary as well as scholastic. And what does a literary college mean? It means that it creates the thought, it creates the faith, creates the ideals, creates the inspiration for all reading and for all thinking men. It is not that a man is idle. He is all the harder at work. It is far easier to do a multitude of little things than to do a single great thing. And remember, if you have a man or bodies of men creating literature, you are influencing England outside your own churches. You are influencing America, you are influencing the colonies, you are influencing the Continent; you are wielding a far greater ministry than it is possible to wield by the voice.

"But I go back, behind the men who are placed to teach, to the men who are sent to learn, and I plead with you to send us men who have learned, men who have the method, the spirit, the faculty of learning. They will be all the nobler, they will be the more spiritual men for having that faculty. I plead with you; do not affix the dead weight of incompetence to the institution you have created. The lower the lowest man is, the lower the highest man will be. Select what you get with the utmost care, and the more that the man himself has gained of knowledge, the better will the man be. The college that does everything for a man, never finds him a grateful man. The more a man does to gain knowledge—and I have known them buy it in poverty, in night and day labor, often in manual toil, and they were the nobler for doing it—the more will he value the knowledge gained. And I plead with you to encourage and create that spirit. The higher the men that enter our colleges, the better will they be as students and as ministers. In order to do this let the men not come to us till they have been educated in the university, face to face with the wide world.

"And now, where are these men to come from? Let me ask the churches to supply us with their choicest sons. Do not think when I praise the university, or so speak for the college, that I minimize the home. A man will never be in school, or college, or pulpit other than he was and other than he is made by his home. Education is simply the process by which we discover the spiritual blood of a man, or his intrinsic and inherited character. The question for the churches is not what kind of men do the colleges send out, but the higher and prior question, what kind of men do we send in? Only as this is made a matter of conscience before God, shall the colleges find the men they need."

These are noble words, and there is not one of them but is directly applicable to our situation here, and deserving of careful consideration.

LETTER FROM GERMANY.

[By Mrs. Carrie Grinnell Jones, daughter-in-law of Rev. J. A. Jones of Cottonwood.]

At Frankfort-on-the-Main we entered the "Jude-gasse," or Jews' street, which until 1806 was closed nearly every evening and on Sundays and holidays with lock and key, and no Jew was allowed during this time in any other part of the city. Notwithstanding these restrictions the persecuted race flourished, notably the Rothschilds, whose house is still preserved, and which the old mother retained as her home until her death, preferring the humble home among the shops to the palaces of her sons, having a presentiment, it is said, that if she abandoned it their good fortune would forsake them.

We passed the stone effigy which marks the spot where Luther preached on his return from the Diet of Worms, and hurried on to the house where, August 28th, 1849, Goethe was born. His father was a man in high position and possessed of some means, and the house must have been in its time one of the best in Frankfort. Here Goethe lived until his removal to Weimar, and here the immortal Faust was begun. The house has been restored to its original condition and contains many interesting reminiscences of Goethe and his family.

Our course from Heidelberg to Dresden lay through Eisenach, which occupies the finest point in the Thuringian forest. Here in 1493 Luther attended school living, with Frau Ursula Cotta, whose house we saw, also Luther's sleeping room. In Eisenach was born the illustrious Johann Sebastian Bach, of whom a fine bronze statue has peen erected opposite the palace. But the chief interest in Eisenbach centers in Wartburg, a glorious picturesque building in the Romanesque style situated on an eminence and commanding a view rarely equalled and, possibly, never surpassed. The Wartburg played an important part in the struggle for religious liberty ending in the Reformation. Here the great apostle of the Reformation was kept in secrecy for a year after having been intercepted on his return from the Diet of Worms, by his friend Elector Frederick the Wise, the occupant of the Wartburg, to protect him from the wrath of the Emperor. The seclusion of the Wartburg was most favorable for Luther's work of translating the Bible into German, which he carried on from the 4th of May, 1521, to the 6th of March, 1522. In the room where he worked can be seen his bed, table, and chair, and on the wall the plaster broken away in irregular shape marks the spot where he is believed to have thrown his inkstand at the Devil. As a memento of the room we brought away from Luther's table two copies of his translation of the New Testament. "The Wartburg as now restored gives us a faithful picture of the condition of the castle in the twelfth century, its most glorious era, when it was occupied by the art-loving Landgraves and was the scene of the contests of the greatest mediæval German poets."

The castle is splendidly adorned with frescoes, among them an immense painting representing the traditional Sangerkrieg or contest between the great rival minstrels of Germany. It is true to history that Walther von der Vogelweide and Wolfram von Eschenbach and other famous minstrels visited the Wartburg, but the contest itself was without doubt mere fable; nevertheless, Wagner has immortalized the legend in his Tannhauser. The Reformation Room in the Wartburg contains eighteen pictures of scenes in Luther's life, and the Elizabeth gallery, with "the seven words of mercy," recalls the life of Saint Elizabeth, daughter of Andreas II of Hungary, and wife of Louis the Clement if Thuringia, whose home was at the Wartburg. Her short life of twenty-four years was devoted to loving ministries among the sick and poor of Eisenach, whom she visited daily, and many are the miracles which are said to have attended her unselfish life. One of the most beautiful of these legends relates that one time, when carrying food in her apron as was her wont, she was met by her husband, who inquired what she carried. As she hesitated to tell him, he opened her apron and found it full of red and white roses. A church has been built over her tomb at Marburg, and pilgrims journey there still, clinging to the old belief, that if the sick or dying can but reach the sacred spot they will be healed. A striking modern picture in the Dresden gallery shows a dying girl stretching out her thin fingers to touch the grave, while a lame man kneels on the other side.

Our route lay through Weimar, the Athens of Germany, the home of Goethe during fifty-six years of his life, also of Schiller, Wieland, Herder, and Liszt. On our way to Goethe's house we stopped to admire the bronze Goethe-Schiller monument by Rietschel. Goethe stands at Schiller's right holding in his hand a laurel-wreath. The interpretation is that Goethe offers to share the wreath with Schiller, recognizing him as his equal in literary gifts, but Schiller gently waves it away. Schiller in the land of his nativity is regarded as more nearly the equal of Goethe than we have been accustomed to rank him in America; Goethe is the more profound, Schiller the more popular, poet. As Maarten Maartens, the author of "God's Fool," remarked in a recent interview: "Schiller is especially a young man's poet. Every young German goes through a Don Carlos period, when he 'schwarms' for the political ideals represented by Marquis Posa." It is said that Goethe once deprecated comparisons between himself and Schiller, remarking that Germany should be grateful for two such poets, as she is.

Goethe removed from Frankfort to Wiemar upon the invitation of the patron of literature, Duke Charles Augustus, presenting him a house—now the Goethe National Museum. The rooms are furnished as in Goethe's time, with family portraits, gems, and many other objects of interest. I was permitted to touch his grand piano, upon which Mendelssohn as a boy played. The most interesting room was his study, overlooking the back garden, where his great poems were written. All was arranged with the greatest simplicity, which the guide informed us Goethe held to be more conducive to study than elegance of appointments. Upon his study table was a saucer of earth that he had brought from the garden the night before his death for the purpose of pursuing some scientific investigation. In the tiny adjoining bedroom stood his bed and the arm-chair in which he passed away, and on the table his medicines.

In Leipsic is a magnificent Reformation monument, with statues of Luther and Melancthon, erected on November 10th, 1883, the four-hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth. In the Nicolai church Luther is said to have preached in a stone pulpit with a vaulted receptacle, but we were unable to find it, and no one in the neighborhood was wise enough to assist us. We were inclined to be vexed at their ignorance, and I expressed mildly my astonishment to a pleasant-looking resident of Leipsic that she knew the exact location of Aurbach's Cellar, but could not tell us where Luther preached. Nor did she know that Leipsic was the native place of Wagner. "I can see that such places may be interesting to travelers," replied she. But she knew the location of Aurbach's Cellar. When I later remarked to a native of Frankfort that I had visited that city, she exclaimed: "Ah! but there they have fine wine!" And when my son Grinnel informed his teacher in Dresden that he had attended school in Munich, his response was: "Ah! but there they have fine beer!"

From Leipsic we journeyed to Dresden, the city of schools, music and art, which was to be our home for a few months, and where with leisure at our command it would be possible to carry out Goethe's advice to see each day one fine painting, read one fine poem and hear one fine song.

A DRUNKARD'S APPEAL.

The liquor business of necessity blunts the finer sensibilities of the man who engages in it. His heart becomes adamant. His conscience is hardened. His soul becomes imbruted. But occasionally the sting of remorse arouses him to a proper view of the awful situation in which he has placed himself.

A young man entered the barroom of a village tavern, and called for a drink.

"No," said the landlord; "you have had the delirium tremens once, and I can't sell you any more."

He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him:

Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those two young men are now. I was a man of fair prospects. Now, at the age of 28, I am a wreck—body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few more glasses and your work will be done! I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for heaven's sake sell no more to them."

The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "God help me, it is the last drop I will sell to any one!" And he kept his word.—*Selected.*

A saint is a believer in Christ who is a partaker of his Spirit, maintains a close walk, and keeps up a communion and fellowship with the Lord; lives in the fear of him and in good conscience toward him. He is chosen out of the world, and separate from it; though in it, he is not of it. He is warmly attached to the Lord's cause, is diligent in the means of his appointment, orders his steps by God's Word, and follows his Lord in the regeneration. Such souls the Lord hath sanctified, and such souls will ever sanctify him.—*William Huntingdon* (1700).

HOW TO HELP THE PASTOR.

"Thou hast been my help."—Psalm 29: 9.

First, criticise him severely.

He enjoys being "picked to pieces." Be careful and do not tell him personally—just inform the neighbors; that will do as well—the news will come to him by and by, and he will be edified! He has prepared himself especially for his work; but you need not mind that—you can probably show him a thing or two!

"Behold, how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

Second, find fault with his wife.

Oh, to be sure, she does not receive a "salary," nor has she been "called" as assistant pastor; but then you can afford to be sublimely indifferent of the fact—that thought need not worry you in the least. Just "pitch in," and make things real lively for her!

"Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love!"

Third, stay away from church.

Whatever you do, do not forget this. Remember that your pastor likes to talk to empty benches—they might just as well be empty sometimes when they are full, so far as respectful attention is concerned! There is nothing so inspiring to a speaker as empty pews! The prayer-meeting is a test of the spiritual strength of the church, and the pastor will be highly pleased to see the church on the down grade!

"Oh, I long to be there!"

Fourth, do not pray for him.

He does not need your prayers; he has no temptations, and is strong enough in himself; Paul's declaration, "When I am weak then am I strong," does not apply in your pastor's case; he does not need the help of the Lord. Be sure you do not pray for him! And then do not sympathize with him in his work of winning souls for the Master, and fighting the devil. He does not need your sympathy. Give him an extra cuff or two, and it will be a wonderful help.

Fifth, confess your neighbors' sins.

Tell the pastor how far short of duty Brother A has come, or how Sister C has "gone wrong." If you would only look after your own sins, you would be kept quite busy—but never mind a trifle like that; you will make your pastor happy if you do this!

"Duty done is the soul's fireside!"

Sixth, deny your pastor's requests.

We read that Moses told the young lieutenant Joshua to go out and fight with Amalek, and "so Joshua did." But he was an old fogy! If the pastor asks your help, be sure to refuse him. It will greatly encourage him to "go forward."

Seventh, be sure to laugh or giggle.

There is nothing so absolutely helpful as an idiotic smile during the most important or solemn part of the sermon. If you think of nothing else which will be of service, just let your eyes wander aimlessly around the audience as if in search of a long-lost friend; it might be well to have your face lighed up with a vacant, imbecile stare. Oh, there are many ways to "help"!

Seventh, then look behind you.

It is very important for you to see who it is that has come in just after the pastor's "secondly," whether Sister E's bonnet is the latest style, or who that young man is with Mehitable Green. It does not matter whether you give respectful attention to the sermon—the pastor is only talking for fun anyway, just for his own gratification.

Ninth, and lastly, be sure to get up in the middle of the sermon, and leave the room. Make as much noise to attract attention as possible in going out. Then slam the door after you.

Oh, we could think of many more ways, but if you will only observe the helps already given, you can be of some use in the world.—*Kentucky Baptist.*

WHERE CABINETS ORIGINATED.

Since the formation of our Government, the respective States have been represented the following number of times in Cabinet positions:

Massachusetts, 28; New York, 28; Pennsylvania, 25; Virginia, 22; Ohio, 18; Maryland, 15; Kentucky, 15; Connecticut, 9; Indiana, 9; Tennessee, 8; Georgia, 8; South Carolina, 6; Maine, 6; Deleware, 5; Illinois, 6; Missouri, 5; Wisconsin, 5; Iowa, 4; New Jersey, 4; Mississippi, 4; North Carolina, 4; Louisiana, 3; New Hampshire, 3; Minnesota, 3; Vermont, 2; West Virginia, 2; Colorado, 1; Oregon, 1; Arkansas, 1; Alabama, 1; Nebraska, 1.

This leaves as unrepresented in the Cabinet, California, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, Rhode island, South Dakota, Texas, Washington, Wyoming.—*Blue and Gray for November.*

THE REMEDY FOR LYNCH-LAW.

Lynch law is the natural outgrowth of a weak judiciary, a creature of the law's delays, and a child of the bouquet-carrying idiots who deem a feigned repentance sufficient ground for leniency or pardon. The disuse of capital punishment must not be blamed for such exhibitions of popular wrath, for statistics show the contrary. It is the mawkish sentiment that proceeds from the inability of some people to realize the depths of wickedness of which some hearts are capable, and the technicalities upon which most plausible pleas can be constructed by a skillful lawyer before a corrupt or gullible court.

The remedy lies in a reformation which shall make the action of the law inexorable in capital cases, and, perhaps, extending the list of capital cases to cover certain other crimes that are really worse than murder. Until this condition is attained, lynch-law will prevail to a greater or less extent, depending upon how much the people distrust the swift and sure retribution of regular legal processes. This thing of substituting an apology for a hanging—of pampering convicted, flower-bedecked felons, of creating sympathy for red-handed murderers, and either freeing them or prolonging their worthless lives at the constant expense of the State, must stop. Mistaken philanthropy and misplaced sympathy go hand in hand with judicial inefficiency and corruption to perpetuate the reign of that most un-American magistrate, Judge Lynch.—*Blue and Gray for December.*

A CHAPLET OF PEARLS.

FROM THE RABBIS OF THE TALMUD.

Improve thyself! then, improve others.

The hole in the wall invites the thief.

Man should not be stubborn as a cedar, but pliant as a reed.

What the child says out-of-doors he has learned indoors.

He who teaches his son no trade, is as if he taught him to steal.

He who acquires knowledge and does not impart it to others, is like a myrtle in the desert, where there is none to enjoy it.

Prayer without devotion is like a body without a soul.—*Jewish Times and Observer.*

While visiting the church of a brother pastor long ago I received an idea which has been a great help to me ever since. On this charge there were fifty-one members, and the average attendance at prayer-meeting for the year previous to my visit had been fifty-seven. Brother White had the marvelous gift of looking after individuals. When in his study I noticed a little slip of paper on which were written a number of names, and upon inquiry he said, "This is my prayer list." "Well, what about it?" "Whenever I become interested in a soul, I put him on my prayer list, and pray for him a year before I drop him." It was a new idea to me. When a man comes to my altar, I put him on my list, and if I am praying for a man, I am pretty sure not to forget him. Your forgetting a man may make you responsible for his soul.—*Sel.*

I remember hearing a naturalist describe a species of jelly-fish, which, he said, lives fixed to a rock, from which it never stirs. It does not require to go in search of food, because in the decayed tissues of its own organism there grows a kind of seaweed, on which it subsists. I thought I had never heard of any creature so comfortable. But the naturalist who was describing it went on to say that it is one of the very lowest forms of animal life, and the extreme comfort which it enjoys is the very badge of its degraded position. As you rise in the scale of life, you come upon animals with multiplying wants; and it may be laid down as a general rule that, the nobler any form of animal life is, the more complex will its wants be found to be.—*Men and Morals.*

A leading German authority on the use of artillery in war lays down a maxim which may wisely be borne in mind by every preacher: The artillery must in the first place *hit*, in the second place *hit*, and in the third place *hit!* A sermon that hits nobody and fits nobody is mere wasted breath. The old militia command, abbreviated, is a good one for the preacher to have in thought: Load!—Aim! Fire!—*Central Christian Advocate.*

The logic of wit is the most destructive logic that is employed against error. It annihilates sham and dashes down towering structures of sophistical reason at a blow. A Scotch advocate limping down High street in Edinburgh, overheard a lady say to her companion, "That is Mr. C——, the lame lawyer." Turning round, he replied, "No, madam, I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."—*Epworth Herald.*

"Now, supposing I borrowed five dollars from you, that would represent capital, wouldn't it?"

"Yes."

"But, supposing, after awhile, you wanted to get it back"—

"That would represent labor."—*Life.*

One view of the magnitude of London appears in the fact that during the year ending last May the number of children, between the ages of three and thirteen, attending its elementary schools reached the figure of 813,651.

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can do.—*Channing.*

CONGREGATIONAL DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST CHURCH—Southeast corner Post and Mason streets. Rev. C.O. Brown, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1359 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30; Chinese school, 6 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1719 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P.M.; Sunday-schools at 9:30 A.M. and 12:30 P. M.; Christian Endeavor, 6.30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

THIRD CHURCH—South side Fifteenth St., between Valencia and Mission. Rev. F. B. Pullan, Pastor; residence, 117 Capp street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

FOURTH CHURCH — South side Green street, between Stockton and Powell streets. Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

BETHANY CHURCH—Bartlett street, near Twenty-sixth street. Rev. W. C. Pond, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Chinese school, 6:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

PARK CHURCH—416 Devisadero St. Rev. Horace W. Houlding, Pastor, esidence 8½ Alpine St. Sunday serviees; 11 A. M. 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school: 3: P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening: 7:30.

OLIVET CHURCH—Southwest corner Seventeenth and Noe streets. Rev. H. Hammond Cole, Pastor; residence, 309 Sanchez street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Young People's Meeting, 6:45 P.M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

SWEDISH CHURCH—538 Jessie street, between Sixth and Seventh streets. Rev. C. Anderson, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 9:30 A. M. Prayer-meeting, Tuesday and Thursday, 8 P. M.

OCEAN VIEW CHURCH—Broad avenne, near Capital street. Rev. John G. Eckles, pastor; residence, corner Sadowa and Capitol Sts. Sunday-school at 11 A. M. Christian Endeavor at 6:30 P. M. Preaching at 7:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PILGRIM CHAPEL—Edinburgh, near Persia street. Sunday-school at 2:30 P. M.

SEVENTH-AVENUE CHURCH — Corner Seventh and Clement ave. Sunday preaching, 7:30 P.M., by Rev. Philip Coombe, pastor; residence, 3335 Washington street. Sunday-school at 3 P. M., F. K. Houston Superintendent.

PIERCE-STREET CHAPEL — Northwest corner Pierce and Green streets. Preaching Sunday, at 11 A.M., by Rev. Philip Coombe. John H. Kemp, Superintendent. Sunday-school, 3 P. M.

Congregational Associates.—President—Stephen S. Smith, No. 7 Montgomery avenue. Secretary and Treasurer—James E. Ager, 508 Clay street.

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BENEVOLENT ORGANIZATIONS.

Young Men's Christian Association.—232 Sutter street. H. J. McCoy, Secretary.

Boys and Girls' Aid Society.—Baker street, corner Grove, San Francisco.

Cal. W. C. T. U.—132 McAllister street, San Francisco.

Fruit and Flower Mission for Aiding the Needy and Sick.—420 Post street, San Francisco. Thursdays—Visiting days to hospitals and other benevolent institutions. President—Miss Anna Hall. Vice-President—Mrs. A. K. Arnold. Treasurer, Mrs. Geo. H. Buckingham. Financial Secretary—Miss E. Hammond.

Young Women's Christian Association. 1221 O'Farrell street, between Octavia and Gough.

Congregational Ministerial Relief Society.—President — Rev. J. C. Holbrook, D.D. Secretary—Rev. J. H. Warren, D.D. Treasurer—Geo. H. Kellogg, 112 Liberty St.

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Wednesday, December 27, 1893.

ON PERPETUATING OUR KIND.

We are told, and from Boston, too, that "every year the Methodist Episcopal denomination furnishes more ministers to Congregational churches than half the entire number who graduate from our seven theological seminaries, and more than come to us from all the other denominations." Our Boston paper that says this considers it an indication that Methodist doctrine is likely to prevail among us, and it does not seem much distressed about doctrine anyway. But what concerns us is the indication that our own fathers and mothers are not inspiring their own sons to enter or suitably equip themselves for the ministry. For a body which does not perpetuate itself is not in the most healthy way.

There are, to be sure, bodies like the Shakers, and some communist sects who have lived along, and with more or less vigor, by importations from without. But ours is not the celebate model. Possibly some might argue that if the Congregationalists were not in a thriving condition of health, so many ministers of other denominations, and some of them eminent, would not be attracted to us. Let us take all the complacency that this interpretation may give us. Still our complacency ought to rise from fuller grounds. If a really healthy body of churches may attract to itself ministers out of other flocks, it should not become in a large degree dependent on such. This seems to be too much the case.

The early Puritans were replenished to some extent by immigrants, and these were, in part, from other families than the original English blood. Scotch, Irish and Huguenot contributed to the supply. But it is well known that the original stock was productive also. That is indeed an extraordinary example of it given in the record of the Rev. John Sherman, ancestor of the John Sherman whom the nation honors in the United States Senate—that he had six children by his first and twenty by his second marriage. But those were days when ministers, as well as the members of their churches, did not feel compelled to adopt sons and daughters for lack of having children of their own. Those were days, too, when ministers expected that out of their own households would rise men to take their places in the pulpit. If one looks over the lists of early pastors, he will find that not infrequently a single parsonage would supply two, three or even a half-dozen candidates for the sacred calling. The example was not lost on those families that were pillars in the congregation. The churches supplied their own pastorate, but they did no small part in giving birth to the men who became prominent in the leadership of other denominations.

It looks as if in and about Boston this healthy productiveness were not maintained. When we consider, too, the facts thus far in the churches of this far West, it should seem as if the perpetuation of native ministry had hardly entered into the thought and prayer of our Congregational homes. By all means, let a healthier and holier impulse come from the Spirit of all life.

The letters recently published, two samples of which were read at our Forefathers' festival, were spoken of in our last paper inadvertently as those of John and Anne Winthrop. The wife of Governor Winthrop was named Margaret. In the address that immediately followed the reading of those letters, stress was laid upon the fact that the New England thought, for the first century, kept well within the lines of Westminster, which is manifestly true. One expression was employed that, though also true in the sense intended probably by the essayist, would certainly grieve any of the fathers of our churches. That expression was, "Christ was late in coming to New England." Somehow, the very spirit and words of those letters, rendered by a woman's voice, seemed to assure us Christ had surely come early into those wedded lives. It may be that the Westminster system, as a system, needed to be reconstructed so as to bring its every thought and sentence into quicker harmony with the Christ of the Gospels; but if any one should infer that the sermons, books, experience of the leaders of New England thought in the earliest century were void of recognition of the person of Christ, or void of the sweetness and constraint of his love, the inference would be the very opposite of the fact. We are sure that our essayist would disclaim any such supposition. One of the benefits coming from the publication of these "Letters" is that they enable us to see that the heart of those who lived, moved, and had their being under the creed did not emphasize the points in it precisely as the critics of it deem logical. Dear as the system was, the Lord was dearer and greater still. Christ came early into the New England life.

Not a little self-convicted ourself, we might shrink to send this item through our printers; but it may be an encouragement to them and to others to know that the question has at last been raised whether poor, unintelligible handwriting is not immoral; whether any one has a right to take the time and patience of another in deciphering manuscript. Alluding to a journal kept by a clergyman at the siege of Louisburg, the historian Parkman adds in a foot-note, "The penmanship is detestable." One of our religious editors intimates that typesetters are often tempted to use adjectives more intense even than that. So, as this carelessness becomes a sore temptation to wrath and even to profanity, the alleged immorality is amply made out.

The other day, at the Monday meeting, some statements were made by a brother who had visited England, which conveyed an impression as to the use of the intoxicating cup among ministers that occasioned surprise. The following figures have been collected by temperance people, which will give a more exact and far more favorable impression. Of Congregational ministers in England and Wales, 2,100 out of 2,725 are "total abstainers"; in Ireland, all; and in Scotland, 95 per cent. Among the Evangelical Union and the Primitive Methodists all abstain. Of 1,758 Baptist ministers, 1,424 claim to be teetotal.

Rev. D. F. Watkins of Mexico writes for the *Methodist Review of Missions* for October an interesting sketch of Rev. Sosthenes Juarez, who is designated as the "first Protestant Mexican preacher." He was born in 1823, and died in 1872. The little church of seven members, organized under his auspices in 1865, was called the Association of Christian Brethren. Mr. Juarez himself said of it: "There was a similarity between our constitution for the government of the church and that adopted by the Congregationalists." But "the denominations" soon came in, and this primitive discipleship was accused of "imperfect organization." History repeats itself.

Forefathers' Day was duly celebrated by the church in Stockton, with a free banquet for all the congregation and appropriate literary exercises. Pastor Sink presided, and spoke of the "Pilgrim Influence in Our Government"; C. M. Keniston, on "Pilgrim Fidelity"; E. W. Drury, on the "Pilgrim Mothers," and Rev. Dr. Holbrook, on "The Pilgrim Church." There were other impromptu speeches, readings and singing. About 150 were present, and the hope was expressed that the celebration of this important day should become a permanent practice with this church. The following was printed on the church leaflet on the subsequent Sabbath: "Ye Forefathers Family Festival was one very glad occasion; ye memory of it is delightful as ye fragrance of ye spring's first rose, and shall be kept and treasured in ye great reliquary of ye mind wherein are preserved, from ye theft of time and injury from ye vandal-hand of sadness, all ye splendid jewelry of ye happy experiences of ye life that now is. All ye doings were for ye weal of all; all ye speakers who spake had somewhat to speak about and spoke it forth fortuitously, facetiously and faithfully giving help, hope and happiness to ye heart of each, insomuch that ye nearly six and eighty years of ye goodly Doctor Holbrook forgot their wonted weight. God bless ye memories of ye glad day! Amen."

FOREFATHERS' DAY.

Forefathers' Day was celebrated at the First church in Oakland on Thursday evening last by the Congregational Club of San Francisco and vicinity.

The business meeting of the Club was held from 5 to 6, at which the following officers to serve for the ensuing year were elected: President, Rev. W. D. Williams; Vice-President, Rev. C. O. Brown; Second Vice-President, Professor F. H. Foster; Executive Committee, Rev. L. L. Wirt, Rev. Geo. B. Hatch, J. E. Ager and W. W. Scudder; after which the Club members with their guests (who in spite of the stormy weather which prevailed outside, numbered about 150 persons) were ushered into the banquet hall, which presented truly a charming scene.

The decorations of holly, ferns, palms, bamboo and smilax, artistically arranged, were most beautiful and striking in effect. The ladies of the church had prepared an elegant dinner, which was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated. During the dinner the Sunday-school orchestra, which, by the way, has attained a high state of efficiency, discoursed most beautiful music, and bore a prominent part in the later exercises of the evening. A button-hole bouquet and handsome souvenirs were placed at each plate. The dinner was decidedly more modern than those which developed the rugged physique of the Pilgrim Fathers. A hearty vote of thanks was given to the ladies and to the orchestra.

At the conclusion of the dinner, Mr. I. H. Morse, President of the Club, called the company to order, and in fitting language introduced various speakers of the evening. The Secretary read a Congregational field note from the Rev. Edwin Sidney Williams, who was attending a similar banquet in connection with his Mayflower church at Pacific Grove, and the following fraternal telegram was ordered sent to that gathering: "To Mayflower church, Carmelo Hotel, Pacific Grove: The San Francisco Pilgrims greet the Mayflower. Congratulations on anchorage given. Prayers for a safe and happy landing.

"I. H. MORSE.

"Pres. Congregational Club."

The topic of the evening was then announced by the President—"The Progress of Religious Thought from Plymouth Rock to the Congress of Religions." The subject was divided into three parts: The first, "From Plymouth Rock to the Revolution," was presented by Rev. George B. Hatch of Berkeley, who was introduced as a native New Englander. Mr. Hatch presented a very carefully-prepared paper, eloquent in expression and most charmingly delivered. Practically speaking, he said there was no religious thought during the period under consideration. If there had been, there would have been theological dangers. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the religious thought of New England was crystallized Calvinism. Calvinism produced Congregationalism. The Pilgrim Fathers carried with them principles of civil liberty. They knew they were building wisely, but they were building more wisely than they knew. Calvinism developed into the spirit of '76, and produced the Revolution. Divine justice ruled early New England. Divine love was not known. Christ was a long time in coming to New England, but he came at last, and has been for long years welcome.

Miss Cora E. Chase, a noted elocutionist of San Francisco, then read in a most charming manner selections of letters from John Winthrop to his wife, and her letters in reply. These letters threw a flood of light upon the domestic life of the leading spirit of the Massachusetts Colony, and incidentally upon the prevailing spirit of the times.

"From the Revolution to the Rebellion" was presented by the Rev. J. B. Koehne, present pastor of the First Congregational church in Sacramento. The paper presented by Mr. Koehne was very able in its construction, and forcibly delivered. It cited in terse and graphic style the peculiarities of the Puritan, comparing the condition of religion in Europe, as it existed in the days preceding the voyage of the *Mayflower*, to the religious idea of the Pilgrim Fathers, which idea was the impelling cause for their seeking a home in a strange land. Out of the thunders of Bunker Hill came a vision of God's Fatherhood; out of the thunders of Gettysburg came a vision of man's brotherhood. The address was frequently broken into by hearty applause.

Dr. W. D. Williams took up the theme, "From the Rebellion to the Parliament of Religion." Referring particularly to the Congress of Religions, he said, "All the great creeds of the globe came together, not by decree, but by personal volition. It was the most unique gathering in the interest of religious thought ever known among men, and will be far more enduring in results than the great Fair itself. It was a vast electric battery of religious thought, energized, let us believe, by the holy spirit of God, and setting in motion new forces which shall change the heart of religion wherever transformation is possible. With scarcely an exception, the Parliament of Religions voiced human consciousness as experiencing, first, a sense of defect; second, a desire for holiness; third, a longing for union with God.

Impromptu remarks were made by Rev. Dr. Kummer of First Methodist church, Dr. Coyle of First Presbyterian church, Dr. Smith, a missionary from North China. These guests of the Club were followed by President Kellogg of the State University, who held that there were as good men today as New England ever produced, and in that connection citing Dr. McLean and Rev. Geo. Mooar, whose pictures hung at opposite ends of the room. President Reed, Professor Foster, Dr. McLean and others followed in brief speeches full of the enthusiasm of the occasion.

At 9:45 the celebration was very reluctantly closed, the President stating that he was seriously embarrassed by the wealth of material in the room for after-dinner speeches, which the lateness of the hour prevented his calling out.

Resolutions of respect were presented by a special committee in memory of the death during the year of ex-President Mr. John D. McKee, Mr. G. H. Kellogg, and Professor F. W. Phelps, which were adopted, and copies ordered sent to the families of the deceased.

EASTERN WASHINGTON ITEMS.

A very pleasing wedding is soon to be consummated in the city of Spokane. It is the union of two churches of different denominations — the Westminster Presbyterian church and the First Congregational. It came about in this way: The First Congregational people, during boom times, built a fine granite structure, having to give a mortgage for unpaid balance of $1,500; a parsonage was afterwards erected, for which money was borrowed. Other expenses ran up until the amount of indebtedness was something like $2,200. The hard times came, and there seemed a probability of losing the property, amounting to about $5,000. In our emergency a council was called to advise with us respecting the matter, and to consider some way out by which the church should be saved to Christianity and Congregationalism. The council was composed of the pastor of the First church, Tacoma, Rev. S. H. Hallock, D.D.; Superintendent Rev. A. J. Bailey; Superintendent Sunday-schools Rev. S. Greene; pastor Dayton church, Rev. S. B. S. Penrose; President Eaton of Whitman College; Rev. E. L. Smith, pastor of Walla Walla church; Rev. L. O. Baird, pastor of Pullman church; Rev. H. P. James, pastor of Colfax church; Rev. F. V. Hoyt of Cheney and West Spokane; Rev. J. Edwards of Pilgrim church, Spokane; Rev. W. Davies of Second church, Spokane; and Rev. T. W. Walters, General Missionary. The council was called December 12th; Dr. Hallock elected Moderator, and Mr. Penrose, Clerk. A statement was made to the council by church clerk of the financial condition of the Society, and at the same time resolutions from the Westminster church were read, favoring a union of the two bodies. The basis of union is that the First Congregational shall be changed to read Westminster Congregational, and they are to come to us as Congregationalists. There are in this church about eighty members, which we are assured will come with two or three exceptions. This would nearly double the present membership of the church. They would also assume with us the indebtedness of the body. The council, after duly considering the matter, recommended the union, if it could be affected harmoniously and amicably. We hope this to be accomplished before long. Next Sabbath, "Christmas Sunday," the churches will hold union services, and the following Sabbath the new year is to begin with the assimilating of the two bodies. This will practically settle the debt question for the present, at least, and it is to be hoped that the great good that may be accomplished by such a strong force will not be lost sight of, but that the kingdom of God may be greatly strengthened in this city. It seems a step toward true Christianity when two churches thus unite on one common platform. It is an evidence also of the breadth and depth of the Congregational polity.

The First Church is now without pastor, Rev. M. Willett, D.D., having accepted a call to the Pilgrim church of Oakland, Cal. The church voted the following resolutions at the last meeting.

"WHEREAS, Rev. M. Willett, D.D., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Pilgrim church, Oakland, Cal., be it

"*Resolved*, That we, as a church, express our sincere appreciation of his untiring labors with us during the past year, in which he has so earnestly endeavored to extricate the church from its heavy burden of debt, his own unselfish interest expressed in material aid and the securing of pledges. We also recognize the spiritual growth and strength attained through his most excellent sermons, example and social intercourse. Our appreciation also of the faithful cooperation of his wife, who has taken such great interest in every department of the church work. Be it further

"*Resolved*, That while we regret exceedingly the departure of himself and wife, our best wishes go with them, and we heartily congratulate the Pilgrim church in securing so faithful a pastor and helper." E. J. S.

SPOKANE FALLS, Dec. 21st.

FROM OREGON.

A few days since, Rev. T. E. Clapp, D.D., received a unanimous call to become the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Manchester, New Hampshire. This church was organized in 1839, has had but three pastors since, and is the largest and most influential church in that State. It has a membership of nearly six hundred, and a membership of over five hundred in the Sunday-school. Its benevolent contributions last year were $2,708, and its home expenditures over $8.000. It has been without a pastor for some time, the last one, Rev. Willard G. Sperry, D.D., being called to the presidency of Olivet College, Michigan. Altogether, the call comes from a very desirable church, especially since it has a large and beautiful church building, and an excellent parsonage, both with modern improvements and all free of debt. Dr. Clapp has also received a request from another prominent Eastern church to know whether he would accept a call or not. As yet, he has not tendered his resignation to the First church of this city, but it is certain that he will do during the present week, and then it is reasonably certain that he will accept the call of the Manchester church. The loss of the First church of this city, indeed the loss to the cause of Christianity in the entire State—even the whole Coast—will be very great by the departure of Dr. and Mrs. Clapp. During the nearly eight years of their connection with the First church here they have won the affection and highest regard of most of those with whom they have come in contact, both inside and outside of our own denomination; and of the present membership of seven hundred in our church, more than two-thirds have united since they came. As a man of most excellent, kindly, and helpful Christian spirit, and of unusual spirituality, Dr. Clapp has but few superiors; and as an earnest, evangelical gospel preacher he stands in the front rank. In common with a very large proportion of the church, it is a matter of personal grief that any condition would have arisen whereby any change in the present relations of pastor and people could have been made possible.

As a result of a revival service held in the country at a point about four miles from Corvallis, Rev. W. C. Kantner, pastor of the Corvallis church, recently organized a church of nine members, in a thickly settled farming community wholly without any other religious services. It will be known as Plymouth Congregational church of Benton county. Steps are being taken towards securing a suitable church building. Prospects are very bright for this church, as the congregations are good, and the organization has the good will of the entire community. It will be held under the pastoral care of Mr. Kantner. There are many other inviting fields for church work in Benton county; indeed, in all parts of Western Oregon, if we had the men and means to enter them.

In the First church Sunday-school to-day, the usual session was entirely given up to a special Christmas service, and instead of receiving gifts, most all gave gifts to be distributed by the Ladies' Relief Society, to-morrow.

The differences in the Salem church caused by the withdrawal of fellowship by the Wil'amette Ass'n from Rev. C. L. Corwin, resulted at last in the calling by eighty of the friends of Mr. Corwin for their letters last Thursday evening, which were granted. After the action of the Association, Mr. Corwin began preaching on his own account in Salem, drawing at first good audiences; but soon they began to diminish, until but a handful went to hear him. He then left the city, and it is understood went to the southern part of the State.

The next College Conference of the Y. M. C. A. workers in Oregon will be held in Albany, January 5, 6, 7, 1894. Mr. E. Lawrence Hunt of the International Committee, and Mr. James A. Dummett, Traveling Secretary for the Y. M. C. A. of the Pacific Northwest, are now making a tour of the leading schools in the State in the interest of the work. A large attendance is expected, not only of students from the different colleges, but of members of their faculties as well. The Christian people of Albany, and others interested in the Y. M. C. A. work, are entering into the spirit of the occasion in a whole-souled way, and are preparing to entertain two hundred delegates and friends from abroad during the Conference. Some of our good-sized cities would groan most agonizingly if called on to dispense such bountiful hospitality. Albany has been put to the test many times in the matter of entertainment of religious and secular bodies, and always acquits herself most creditably; and she may be depended upon to do as much now, notwithstanding the universal complaint of "hard times."

The following tables compiled from the Congregational Year Book for 1893, showing the contributions for home and benevolent purposes of our churches by States, *per capita*, may be of interest to the readers of THE PACIFIC:

HOME EXPENDITURES.

Alabama	$ 2 56
Arizona	12 51
Arkansas	3 42
California	15 85
Colorado	19 17
Connecticut	11 36
District of Columbia	14 81
Florida	6 65
Georgia	2 96
Idaho	12 59
Illinois	18 16
Indiana	12 95
Indian Ter.	1 73
Iowa	10 94
Kansas	8 88
Kentucky	7 84
Louisiana	3 69
Maine	11 05
Maryland	20 90
Massachusetts	15 19
Michigan	19 54
Minnesota	13 42
Mississippi	1 07
Missouri	14 91
Montana	17 51
Nebraska	12 51
Nevada	98 27
New Hampshire	11 18
New Jersey	23 71
New Mexico	17 27
New York	12 88
North Carolina	1 49
North Dakota	14 16
Ohio	9 47
Oklahoma	7 09
Oregon	27 47
Pennsylvania	8 43
Rhode Island	23 55
South Carolina	8 17
South Dakota	12 16
Tennessee	7 49
Texas	20 97
Utah	60 35
Vermont	9 68
Virginia	10 20
Washington	18 77
West Virginia	22 81
Wisconsin	12 05
Wyoming	21 65

BENEVOLENT CONTRIBUTIONS, PER CAPITA.

Alabama	$ 0 35
Arizona	1 26
Arkansas	57
California	3 03
Colorado	5 93
Connecticut	7 84
District of Columbia	3 42
Florida	1 09
Georgia	28
Idaho	95
Illinois	7 24
Indiana	1 44
Indian Territory	1 08
Iowa	2 21
Kansas	1 12
Kentucky	77
Louisiana	33
Maine	3 62
Maryland	23 00
Massachusetts	8 04
Michigan	4 63
Minnesota	3 53
Mississippi	93
Missouri	5 66
Montana	1 66
Nebraska	1 83
Nevada	2 07
New Hampshire	3 52
New Jersey	6 67
New Mexico	2 14
New York	4 74
North Carolina	
North Dakota	1 68
Ohio	2 26
Oklahoma	42
Oregon	1 72
Pennsylvania	79
Rhode Island	7 32
South Carolina	1 60
South Dakota	1 55
Tennessee	94
Texas	4 61
Utah	3 14
Vermont	2 76
Virginia	91
Washington	2 47
West Virginia	71
Wisconsin	3 03
Wyoming	84

While well up in home expenditures, it will be seen that Oregon is lagging behind where she ought to be in benevolent contributions.

A pleasant, happy, and profitable Christmas and New Year, in all senses, to THE PACIFIC force and all its readers is the earnest wish of

GEORGE H. HIMES.

PORTLAND, Dec. 24, 1893.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Rev. B. S. McLafferty of Tacoma, formerly pastor of the First Baptist church of Oakland, by the University of Omaha, November 13th. Dr. McLafferty is a man of scholarly habits and a Christian gentleman of high character, greatly beloved and esteemed in the city where he lives and by all who know him. Some years ago a severe accident to his spine laid him aside from the active duties of the pastorate. For several years, however, he has been able to get about in his wheel chair; and, beloved by his brethren of all evangelical denominations, occasionally supplies for them as occasion demands. He has been for five years the President of the Ministerial Alliance of Tacoma, and is now at the head of the associated charities of the city.

A Hindoo gentleman is endeavoring to lay one of the most flagrant grievances of the caste system before the English people. Of the lowest caste, or, rather, outcast—the Pariahs—there are from eight to nine millions. They are not allowed to drink from the public wells that are to be found in every village. For if they should even touch the water with their buckets, the upper castes would not be able to drink themselves. The only resource is for the Pariahs to go miles to some stream, or else to use the water that is left in pools or furrows. The effects upon health of such deprivation may be imagined. The religion that makes such a condition possible cannot say much about Chicago slaughter-houses.

Foremost among the pastors of this city engaged in relieving the unemployed are Rev. Dr. Brown and Rev. W. H. Wikoff.

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

The monthly meeting of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions will be held in Plymouth church, San Francisco, on Wednesday, January 3, 1894, at 2:30 P. M.

Rev. John Kimball, managing editor of this paper, who went East on the sad errand of burying his wife where his relatives rest, in Barton, Vermont, was last heard of in New York. He intends to return early in January.

The special Christmas services at Plymouth church last Sunday were exceptionally good, amd well attended, considering the rain and storm.

The primary departments of Plymouth church Sunday-schools held their Christmas festivities on Friday afternoon of last week. One hundred and fifty little children had the best kind of a time from 2 to 5 P. M, and the mothers, superintendents and pastor looked on and enjoyed the scene with childlike joy.

There will be a Watch-night meeting at Plymouth church next Sunday evening from 8:45 until 1894. The sermon by the pastor will be "1893: A Pulpit Review." The Young People's meeting at 6:30 will be omitted, and the preaching service will commence at 7:30. The Watch-night meeting is open to the public, and the Y. P. S. C. E. cordially invite members of other churches to join in this service of prayer and praise.

Principal Brooks of the Girls' High School, this city, delivered an excellent lecture in Plymouth church on Tuesday evening of last week, on "Thirty Days at the World's Fair." A large congregation attended.

At Olivet church, Pastor Cole preached in the morning on "The Overture of the Angels," from Luke ii: 13, 14, and in the evening there was a Sunday-school concert with an interesting exercise, entitled "Christmas Chimes." There was a good attendance all day, considering the weather.

Tulare church held Christmas exercises with a tree for the little folk on Christmas night.

The church in Salem, Oregon, has asked Rev. S. M. Freeland to serve them for a year, and he has agreed to take charge of the church "for the present." The believers in Mr. Corwin mustered one-third of the votes cast at the late annual meeting.

At White Oaks, New Mexico, Rev. A. A. Hurd has been laboring for over two years, faithfully sowing the seed, but spiritual upbuilding did not come. On December 1st the new Superintendent of Missions for the Territory, Rev. E. H. Ashmun, came to his aid, and began a series of meetings that closed December 17th, with the result, thus far, that instead of the old church of thirteen members a new church of forty members has been organized, called Plymouth church—a threefold increase. The new church was organized to cast off old complications. Sixteen of the new members united on confession; several united by letter from other denominations. All were adults. The pastor's struggle to prepare for this work has been so intense he plans to change fields next spring.

THE SWEDISH CHURCH.

Last Sunday was justly a day of rejoicing in the Swedish Congregational church of this city. Notwithstanding stormy weather, every seat, except in the gallery, was occupied. It was a congregation of fine-looking men and women, the former exceeding the latter numerically. The pastor of the Swedish Congregational church of San Jose conducted the introductory, and Pastor Wikoff offered the dedicatory prayer. Short addresses were delivered by Revs. Pullan, W. D. Williams, Pond and Rowell. A good choir rendered fine music, and led the congregation in soul-moving praise. It was a day long to be remembered by Swede and American alike.

They are a church of consecrated and co-operative activity, and the dedication of their new meeting-house on Christmas Sunday was a timely offering to the Lord. Rev. Carl A. Anderson is the pastor, whose labor of love is known beyond the bounds of his own parish. This church is nearly eighteen years old, and may be called the mother of several vigorous churches, one each at the following places, respectively: Fresno, Kingsburg, Los Angeles, San Jose, Alameda, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane.

The present new edifice stands upon the site of the old church, Jessie street, between Market and Mission, and near Sixth street. It will seat about 800 people, and, by crowding, may accommodate 200 more. The structure is brick, and cost $11,000. The brethren of this church have contributed cheerfully, and to the extent of sacrifice. There are no rich people among them, but they are earnest, faithful followers of the Lord Jesus. We extend them our best congratulations; and, if there are any who may wish to assist them in canceling their indebtedness on their new temple, we assure them that such contributions will be well appropriated.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

In Memoriam.

'Neath the beautiful snow she sleeps!
And affection silently weeps,
While the drapery white adds new folds to-day
'Neath the gentle rain of the diamond spray!

'Neath the beautiful snow she sleeps!
Mother Earth her vigil keeps,
While the sun climbs up and the sun goes down,
And the stars come out like the gems of a crown.

She sleeps 'neath the beautiful snow!
While awake is a heart far away,
That love's vigil keeps, while his precious one sleeps—
He sighs for the breaking of day.

She sleeps 'neath the beautiful snow,
While the living run to and fro,
And carry their burdens, yet seem not to think
That they are fast nearing the silent tomb's brink.

'Neath the beautiful snow she sleeps!—
From the roughness of life and its steeps,
From torture of anguish and merciless pain—
To wake to the infinite gain.

Sleep, 'neath the rain of the winter,
Bleak storms and the pitiless cold;
Sleep till the springdawn of glory
Shall break in its untarnished gold!

Sleep, when the zephyrs of summer,
With odors, thy requiem sing,
When spring flowers and autumn's fair fruitage
Their tributes of honor shall bring!

Sleep, gentle Annie, and patient,
Sweetly 'neath crystals of white;
Thy mantle of ermine at waking
Will change to a garment of light.

BOSTON, Dec. 16, 1893. BORAX.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

"The Lord loves a cheerful giver." The people of Washington have their faults, like the rest of mankind, but many of them are proving, as they have often done before, that they are cheerful givers. One of them gave $100,000 to the proposed Methodist University a few days ago, and was so modest as to decline to allow his or her name to be made public, and thousands of them, from the wealthy to the poorest school children, are liberally giving according to their means for the alleviation of the sufferings of the unemployed. Our churches and our newspapers are all engaged in raising charity funds. Last night a mass meeting of our prominent citizens was held for the purpose of systematically relieving the suffering in our midst, and a large amount of money was pledged to the good work. To-night a great concert is to be given for charity by the U. S. Marine Band, and present indications are that $5,000 or more will be realized. Every ticket sold will be net profit, as everybody's services and the mammoth convention hall in which the concert is to be given are furnished gratis.

The President's message on Hawaii, the reporting of the new tarriff bill, and the publication of the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury, which has never been delayed beyond the first week of the session, have served to make the week interesting in Congress; but the nearness of the Christmas recess and the absence of many Senators and Representatives has prevented the actual transaction of any important business in either the Senate or House of Representatives. It is just as well, perhaps, that the holiday recess shall be devoted to a study of these important matters before they are taken up for action by Congress.

The people of Washington are just now being given an object lesson, showing what may be accomplished by determined and courageous officials, even under laws that admit of doubtful construction. A lot of gamblers, who were driven out of the State of New Jersey, came here, and announced their intention to have daily horse-racing during the winter, for no other purpose than to furnish the vicious and corrupting pool-rooms in all the large cities with a means for fleecing the gullible people who patronize them. The chief of police recommended that they be refused a license; but the commissioners, under advice of their attorney, decided that they had no authority to withhold the license, although they did refuse to grant them a liquor license which they applied for. Accordingly, the races began last week, and were continued two days. Then the courageous United States District Attorney stepped to the front and announced his intention to arrest every man who took part in any race in any capacity, and any man who made a bet on any race, under the gambling laws of the District. His determined attitude has frightened the gamblers, and there have been no races this week, and it is earnestly hoped that the gamblers will be driven away for good and all. If the District of Columbia had three Commissioners of the same caliber as District Attorney Birney there would be a wonderful improvement in the morals of the National Capital in short order. Our officials, present and past, have been entirely too ready to give gamblers and liquor men the benefit of any existing doubt as to our laws.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 20, 1893.

There is a movement on foot to secure Evangelist Moody for a work in this city, not earlier than the middle of March, similar to the work conducted by him in Chicago simultaneous with the World's Fair.

The conquests of the cross are not over the sinner, but the sin.—*Mrs. Charles.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, JAN. 7, 1894. GEN. I: 26-31; II: 1-3.

The First Adam.

BY REV. WALLACE SMITH.

Golden Text.—"So God created man in his own image" (Gen. i: 27).

The book of Genesis has been well named "a book of beginnings." Its title, literally translated, signifies generation, and was, doubtless, given to the book from its being a record of the beginning, the birth, or creation of the heaven and the earth—what we would call "the whole visible universe," together with all its contents. Not only the universe, but the human race and its earliest branches; the awful mystery of sin and its consequences; the greater mystery of redemption and its blessing; and, lastly, the glorious possibility of a life of faith even upon this sin-cursed earth—these all have the record of their "beginnings" in this Book of Genesis. Having then to do with prehistoric events, things that happened away far back in the early dawn of light, and order, and life in the universe, there is but one way in which their record could have come down to us, and that method has been confirmed by the concurrent testimony of antiquity. It was by the divine illumination of the Holy Spirit that Moses was enabled to set forth in writing, for the instruction of all mankind, a revelation of the creation of the world which has triumphantly borne the closest scrutiny of every science, and stood the test of all time. These divine communications Moses wrote down for the instruction not only of the people of Israel, but for the benefit of mankind at large, and the period of the writing was, probably, that of the Exodus, when the great Jewish lawgiver led the children of Israel out of Egypt to the land promised to them; namely, about 1490 B. C. As the inspired author of these books, Moses sometimes writes as a prophet, sometimes as historian. It is in the former capacity that he pens our present lesson, and takes us away back to the beginning of our race, the creation of the first man.

I. The Crowning Act of Creation. (Vs. 26–28.) The creation of Adam was a most solemn and momentous event, if for no other reason than that he was the first man, and had a "living soul." That one fact alone was sufficient to spread a wide gulf between him and all other created things. But there was one other honor that added immeasurably to his exaltation—he was made in the image of his Creator; fashioned in the likeness of his God. He was the special handiwork of God. The Almighty himself made him. In calling other things into being, the divine fiat had gone forth in words, "Let there be" light, firmament, and so forth. In calling forth other forms of life, God had said: "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature," and "Let the earth bring forth the moving creature." But in this case it is not, "Let the earth bring forth," but "Let us make"—a formula which introduces no other act of creation. And so in panoramic vision we see a world furnished with all that was good and beautiful, so that it might become a fit abode of one who was so highly favored of the Almighty. Everything was done that could secure the happiness of the beings who were designed especially to reflect honor on the creative mind. Then over this paradise so beautiful as to meet the divine approbation there was placed man, fashioned with the Divine hands, impressed with his own likeness and image, giving him life for himself, and endowing him authority over all that he had created. We often find ourselves wondering whether a tremor of excitement did not pass amongst the heavenly throngs when the decree went forth, "Let us us make man in our image." What new manifestation of the great Divine Power was now to take place? What exalted position would this favored being occupy in the almost finished universe? And then that sinless being, the only prototype of that greater "second Adam," stepped out upon a virgin world, with fully matured perceptions, yet without a single memory of sorrow or pain. As he walks amongst the varied beauties of a fresh-made world, with new and increasing wonderment at every turn, we see mankind represented in the happiness and pure innocence that God originally meant his favored creature to enjoy. Blessed with the friendship of God, whose image he was, his threefold nature reflected that of his Maker. He had mind, soul and spirit. And in virtue of that higher nature he could bear authority over all the earth; he could render the homage to God which was his due, and could have spiritual relation with him. Observe how particular the inspired writer is to emphasize the fact that man, in his first state of innocence, bore the image of the Almighty, who alone is pure, and so the blessing and favor rested upon them, "male and female." This is probably by way of anticipation, or, perhaps, "from the implied existence of the woman in the man from whom she was taken."

II. The Bountiful Giver (Vs. 29-31). Having made man and set him upon the fresh, untrodden garden of the world, the ever watchful Providence of God directs him how he shall sustain the life of the body. There had as yet been no penalty given that in the sweat of his face man should eat bread. The fruitful earth, fresh in its untaxed fertility, abounded in all the luxuriance of a veritable "garden of God." Adam in that garden was left to wander over his abode, and note the wonders of the new earth. Fast as his five senses could gather the information, he would learn where he was, and what were his environments. There was naught else for him, its earliest inhabitant, but to discover what fruits he might open his hand to receive; "Behold," says God, "I have given you every herb, bearing seed." God is the same always. He is ever the giving God, that gives to all of us liberally, and upbraideth not." Even where there is so much to reprove in the manner in which we receive his gifts, yet he still continues to give. Some time ago, we studied in James' epistle how that every "good-giving and perfect gift" was from above. And here, away back in the early morn of time, the Bible opens up to our view God in Eden bestowing a bright, new world and its varied contents upon man. Is he different now? Ah, no! It is from his hand that still there comes to us those good gifts that gladden and enrich us most; just as now in man's altered relation to him, by reason of sin, it is in his heart that all the mercy we need dwells. All that we have, or can have, is derived from him. And the thought comes to us now—if God is the same bountiful giver, is it not unbelief in his loving care to be over anxious about what we shall eat or what we shall put on? When Christ came among men and taught them the lesson of trusting upon the loving care and goodness of the Heavenly Father, he warned them against being over anxious, as if God did not care for his creatures. "Take no thought for your life—what ye shall eat." "Behold the owls of the air, for they sow not; neither do they reap; nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them" (Matt. vi: 25, 26). Some people take these words of Christ as if they taught that all we have to do is to wait till the harvests come, untilled for, or without labor. Behold the fowls of the air—is not every moment taken up in the quest for food? They go from spot to spot; hop from twig to twig—picking here and scratching there, and every movement of their bodies is for procuring food to sustain life. So ought every creature of God labor. Notice that man and beast was given every tree bearing fruit, and every green herb, for food; the permission for eating flesh is given later. And when God looked over the whole creation that now was perfected, he saw that it was good. With the sixth day, the creative week ends. Then comes—

III. The Hallowed Rest. (Gen. ii: 1–3.) This is the divine origin of the observance of the Sabbath, God's own day. As an institution, the Sabbath is, perhaps, the oldest of all that remain to us down to the present time. But antiquity is not so powerful an argument for its continuance as the fact that it was established by the will of God, and is sanctified by his example. The Sabbath thus had its origin in the majestic mystery of the creation, and was long before the Jewish dispensation. It thus has a claim upon all men, and is not merely a Jewish religious institution. It was a day observed by mankind before there were any division of the human race into tribes or nations. It was incorporated in the Mosaic code derived from Mount Sinai; but even there the language seems to imply that it had all along been observed, and the Fourth Commandment seems framed by God to prevent its neglect and secularization. We learn how strict the Jews were in keeping it, and can refer to the instructions given, for example, to the tribes in the matter of gathering manna, to show how jealously God guards his day. We now observe the Lord's Day as that which our Lord has set apart as his own, and made sacred to us by his victory over death and sin, manifested by his rising from the dead. The only reason which could authorize a change in the day devoted to rest was that afforded by the great work of redemption through which the Almighty himself renewed the purposes of creation. Thus the first day of the week became the Christian Sabbath, or Lord's Day, and on it we appropriately commemorate our Lord's rising again, the first fruits of the resurrection. It was the first day of the week that the risen Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene in the garden. "Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut, where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in their midst, and saith unto them, "Peace be unto you" (John xx: 19). The Jewish Sabbath was hallowed by the blessing of God, the Creator; the Christian Sabbath was hallowed by the blessing of God the Redeemer, and the benediction of his peace.

MARRIED.

FOLTZ—VOLZ.—At 111 Olive avenue, Saturday evening, December 23, 1893, by Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D., Samuel C. Foltz and Clara M. Volz.

BORN.

WATRY.—Born, at Tipton, Cal., December 24, 1893, to Rev. and Mrs. Francis Watry, a son.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union

326 California St., cor. Sansome.

Branch, 1700 Market St, cor. Polk

For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1893, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-sixth (4 1-6) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, the 2d of January, 1894. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

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KNABE.—Pronounced by D'Albert, Von Bulow, Grunfield, and other renowned pianists, the best piano in existence.

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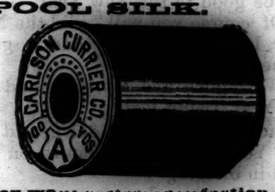

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Young Folks.

A Kitten's Mourners.

The dear little Maltese kitten was dead;
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In a cigar box, softly lined,
And the place of the little grave was signed
With a stone at the foot and stone at the head,
In memory of Kit.

Elsie and Jack, the sister and brother,
Shed many tears for their dear dead pet—
The grief of a child is an April shower,
But its smile comes forth like an April flower—
They sat with their arms around each other
Till the sun was set.

They saw a gray shape in the twilight air
Rise with the beat of a feathered wing—
An owlet it was, but they never shall know:
"O Elsie, look! see our kitty go
To heaven; and the angels will take good care
Of the dear little thing!"

Hand-in-hand to the house they came,
Serious yet, but not wholly sad.
They whispered together, the wise little elves:
"Some day we shall go to heaven ourselves;
And if kitty comes when we call her name,
Wont we be glad!"

—*Boston Transcript*

A LITTLE BOY'S DREAM OF THE NEW YEAR.

Blow! blow! blow! You would have thought the wind meant to tear everything to pieces. That was what Harry Richards thought as he listened to it.

Harry was playing keep house with his little sister Annie. Christmas was over, and Santa Claus had brought them so many playthings that they were kept busy and happy all day long. Out in the hall his papa was getting ready to go down town, and mamma was helping him.

"Just hear!" said papa; "the Old Year is going to give us a pretty stormy good-bye to-night.

"I wonder," said Harry to himself, pausing in his play, "who the Old Year is, and where he is going."

So when his mamma came in, a few minutes afterward, he asked:

"Who is the Old Year, mamma, and where is he going? Did papa mean the wind?"

His mamma laughed, and taking both little children upon her lap, she told them about the old year; how that night was the last night of the year, and so people called the past year the old year; to-morrow would be the first day of the new year.

"And now," she said, "how is my little boy going to treat this beautiful New Year which begins to-morrow? Isn't he going to treat it better than he did the Old Year?"

"How can I, mamma," asked Harry.

"By being a better boy," replied mamma; "by being kind to Annie and to all your playmates; by not hurting Rover or Pussy."

"Does it hurt the Old Year if I do that?" asked Harry.

"Yes," replied mamma, "and you want to be better to the New Year than you were to the Old Year. And now it is time two little children were in bed."

But before she tucked Harry up for the night, he asked, "When does the New Year come, mamma?"

To-night, when the clock strikes twelve. Now good-night!"

"I wish," thought Harry, "I could see the New Year come in. I guess I'll stay awake, and see what he looks like."

But before he knew it he dropped off to sleep. When he awakened it was still dark, and he sat up in bed, saying: "I wonder if the New Year has come yet. I haven't heard the clock strike. I guess I'll go down and see."

So down he slipped to the parlor, and went in, when what did he see? He rubbed his eyes, and looked again. There, right before the fire, sat an old man. He was shivering as he bent over the few hot coals, and Harry could see that he looked very old and feeble.

He had on a dark coat which was very much worn.

"Oh!" thought Harry, "I wonder if that is the Old Year."

"Please sir," said he, stepping up to the old man, "are you the Old Year, and are you going away to-night?"

The old man turned slowly, and looked at the child; and Harry could see that he had a very kind face, though it was all scarred and wrinkled.

"Yes," said the old man, in a pleasant voice, "I'm the Old Year, and I'm waiting for my son, the New Year. When he comes, I'm going away."

"But can't you stay here?" asked the little boy. "We'll be very good to you, and take care of you."

"No, no," said the Old Year, smiling; "I can't stay now. You should have been good to me and taken care of me while I was with you. I have been with you for a whole year, but I must go now, and make room for the New Year."

"Why!" exclaimed Harry, in astonishment, "have you been here a year? I never saw you."

"And yet," said the Old Year, "you have helped to make me old. I came here a year ago, young, and in just a year have grown this old."

"How did I help?" asked Harry. "I didn't mean to."

"Do you see this scar on my face," asked the Old Year. "That is where you pushed your little sister down and hurt her. And these bumps on my head are where you threw stones at the birds. You pulled the cat's tail; you tripped your little playmate and hurt him; and those all left their scars on me, and helped to make me old. You cried and frowned when your mamma asked you to do something you didn't want to, and that is what makes my face so wrinkled."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said Harry. I didn't know I was hurting you. Did I make your clothes so torn and ragged too?"

"Yes," said the Old Year, every time you tore your clothes, you tore mine."

"Do all the naughty things I do really hurt you?"

"Yes," replied the Old Year; "but I shall be satisfied if you are sorry, and if you will promise to treat the New Year better."

"Indeed I will," promised Harry, eagerly.

Just then he heard a cheery voice behind him say: "Well, here I am, father!"

Harry turned, and saw standing in the doorway a handsome young man, dressed in a beautiful snow-white robe.

"So this is the little boy I'm to take care of, is it?" asked the New Year, holding out his hand to Harry.

Harry took it. The New Year seemed so kind and jovial, he could but like him.

"I'm sure we shall be good friends," continued the New Year, smiling; "shall we not, Harry?"

"Remember your promise," said the Old Year.

"Oh, indeed I will," cried Harry; "I will be good to the New Year."

"Of course you will," said the New Year, laughing. Every one is good to the New Year."

"Well, good-bye, my son," said the Old Year, rising feebly.

The New Year knelt down, and the Old Year placed his hands on his head in blessing.

Then he turned to go.

"Oh, are you going away now, Old Year?" cried Harry, reaching out his hands.

But the New Year caught him up, and setting him on his shoulder, danced through the rooms with him, and finally upstairs, where he laid him on his own bed.

"A Happy New Year!" he cried. Harry opened his eyes, and, looking up, saw his mother.

"Why, where is the New Year?" he asked, sitting up in bed.

"The New Year is here," replied mamma. "This is the New Year."

"But I mean the New Year who brought me upstairs. I was downstairs, mamma, and I saw the New Year come in; and, oh, he is so nice! I like him ever so much."

"You saw the New Year come in!" cried mamma, in astonishment.

"Yes," replied Harry; "and I saw the Old Year, too; and he looked so old. He showed me where I hurt him, but I didn't mean to; and I'm going to be good to the New Year."

Mamma began to see that her little boy had been dreaming. So she sat down and said: "Now tell me all about it, Harry."

So Harry told her what he had seen in the night; and she explained to him that it was a dream, but that it really meant something; and that he must be a good boy this year, and he would make it a happy new year for every one.

And afterward, when Harry was tempted to do wrong, he remembered his promise to the Old Year.—*Ex.*

NEW YEAR WORDS TO GIRLS.

You are sitting quite quietly watching the old year as it fades away and the new one as it comes in. You think of all the joys and the sorrows that have come to you during 1893, and of your hopes and ambitions for 1894. You believe just as you did a year ago: That you will make a great resolve that the year shall be better and your life nobler and more unselfish than it was last year. Now, don't do this. Don't make the big resolve. Think, hope and pray what you want to, but in its place, make a lot of little resolves, each one of which will, in time, tend to make you reach the goal you desire to.

Resolve to think a little less about yourself, and a little more of the comforts of others.

Resolve to be less quick of speech and more certain in action than you have been.

Resolve not to let the wicked little demon of envy enter your heart and make you bitter and fault-finding.

Resolve to consider those of your own household. The inclination on the part of too many of us is to reserve our virtues and our graces for those outside, and this is all wrong.

My dear girls, you had better blush unseen, as good daughters and good sisters, than gain all the fame imaginable as bright talkers and great beauties, without any homely talent.

I like that word "homely." I use it, perhaps, in a different sense from the one you give it. It means belonging to the home; and, as the home is the place where love and charity should abide, so the talents that belong to it are the best worth possessing.

God bless every one of you, and give you some day a home of your own. It may come in the new year. It may be in the years that are far off; but, if it never comes, remember that the talent of making a home may be yours; and even though you can only exercise it in a single room, you must not bury it, and count it of no value.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A DIPLOMATIC MOTHER.

"I want to go down to Brighton Beach some evening this week, mamma. There is a lot of fun down there, and you know I have never been there in the evening."

"I know, James, that you rarely go out evenings, and you know that it is because this careful little mother of yours likes to keep her little brood tucked safe under her wing during the night time," she added playfully.

James smiled a little from one corner of his mouth.

"I don't see why you are so scared, though. Sam Davis and Jim Norris go twice a week, if they want to. Sam says the electric lights make it seem just like daytime. Besides, they are going to have fireworks every night this week, and I want to go one night, anyhow."

"Very well, if you care so much about it, may be we will go to-morrow night."

"We?" inquired James.

"Why, yes, you and I. You know papa cannot go."

"Why, I thought," stammered James, "that I could go alone, or with one of the boys."

"Oh, I am sure you would not enjoy going alone, James." Mrs. Allen ignored the last clause of his answer. "I should like to go with you and see the fun myself, since there is so much."

Mrs. Allen is a mother who, possessing remarkably keen perceptions, secures the obedience of her children, when practicable, by diplomatic management. She was too wise to say:

"James, Brighton Beach is not a fitting place for a boy to visit alone in the evening, and I shall not allow you to go." She perferred to have him go once, that the curiosity excited in his mind by the other boys might be gratified, and then she thought she could rely upon his finer instincts to gauge the quality of the fun for himself. Still her watchful, solicitous care over him would not admit of his going alone and unrestrained. Accordingly, at half past seven the next evening, this wise little woman started with her son James to see the "fun" at West End. She looked very girlish in her trim, navy-blue, serge gown, and stylish round hat.

"I am about as tall as you are," remarked James, looking at his mother as they walked along toward the station.

"Yes, indeed, I shall soon be looking up to you in the best sense of the words," she added, sweetly. This woman never missed a chance of dropping a good seed into the hearts of her children. "I want you to become a high-minded man, as well as a high-shouldered man."

In a short time they were in the midst of the tumult and confusion of Brighton Beach, mingling in the promiscuous crowd which frequents that resort on pleasant summer evenings.

"Where shall we go first?" asked Mrs. Allen a little timidly. She was always rather nervous in a crowd.

"Let's get some ice-cream first," James answered.

So he led the way through the crowd to a pavilion, and they sat down before one of the small tables. On a platform near by was a colored man dressed in plantation clothes and a white beaver hat, playing the banjo. Mrs. Allen noticed with a shudder that the people around them were drinking beer and eating sausages. It was very warm, the ice-cream was refreshing, and Mrs. Allen had come for a purpose, so she made no comment upon what she saw, but chatted as pleasantly as possible with James.

After they went out, James said: "I am sorry, mamma, I didn't think to find a quieter seat for you. I know you don't like to see folks drinking beer and all that."

"Never mind," said mamma, "since we were not expected to drink it, too."

"I don't suppose you want to go on the merry-go-round, do you mamma?" he said, as they approached it. The noise of its musical apparatus was almost excruciating to Mrs. Allen's fine musical ear.

"It might make me dizzy," she replied; "but I will stand near and wait for you to go round."

"All right," said James.

It did not prove to be so attractive after all, and they were soon on their way toward the famous razzle dazzle, which excites the admiration of so many.

"Seems to me there is a queer crowd out to-night," James could not help remarking to his mother in low tones.

Mrs. Allen had already fixed a criterion in her mind regarding the people about her. "You see, James," she said, in an impersonal manner, "they belong to a class who have no leisure except in the evening, and they prefer amusement of this kind to the enjoyment of their own homes."

"Maybe they haven't a piazza and shade trees and hammocks as we have," sensibly suggested James. "Perhaps their rooms are hot and stuffy."

"I am sure of it," agreed Mrs. Allen.

James did not care to go round on the razzle dazzle with his mother more than once, and they decided to go to the large pavilion and view the fireworks, which were to begin at nine o'clock. On their way they passed the great amusement hall, out of which floated on the evening air the rich, wild melodies of a negro chorus.

"I like the music pretty yell," James commented, "but see what a crowd is listening! Let's go in here," he said presently, and they went into the bowling-alley, which chanced to be unoccupied.

Mrs. Allen had the first turn, and knocked down the king pin at the first roll, much to the admiration of her son. They had often played tenpins together at home. The alley adjoined a billiard-room, which was densely filled with cigar smoke. James heard some coarse words spoken. He glanced uneasily at his mother, who seemed not to hear them. After they had scored one game, James suggested that they should go on, so as not to miss the fireworks, and soon they were sitting in the pavilion waiting for the brilliant display. Others were there before them—showily dressed men, with women adorned in cheap silk and lace, jet and gilt, and babies worrying for the restful night sleep denied them.

"You don't look like anybody else here, somehow," said James, glancing at his mother and then over the audience.

"Are you sorry for that?" asked Mrs. Allen.

"Sorry! Why, there isn't another woman here I would take for my mother. I can't help noticing the difference between you and the other women. You look more like a lady here than you do at home, I believe."

"Oh, look at that rocket, James!"

And soon his interest was engaged in the display of fireworks, which was excellent.

A few days later Mrs. Allen, sitting by her window sewing, overheard the following conversation between James and Sam Davis, who sat together on the piazza:

"Suppose you haven't been down to West Brighton yet?" said Sam.

"Yes, I have; I went last Tuesday evening."

"Did you really, though? When are you going again?"

"About the next day after never."

"You don't say you didn't have a jolly time? What did you see?"

"Saw the fireworks, and they were splendid, I'll agree to that."

"Have anything to eat?"

"Yes, ice-cream."

"Didn't you go round on the razzle dazzle?"

"Yes."

"Go up in the great tower?"

"We didn't take that in. I forgot that."

"I thought you missed something. You can see all over creation up there. Well, did you go into any of the billiard-rooms?"

"No, but we went into the bowling-alley, which was near enough."

"Who's 'we'? Who went with you?"

"Mother."

"Your mother! Well, I didn't know before your mother was that kind of a woman. Why, my mother would have been shocked to death."

"Suppose you ask her to go some time."

Sam shook his head.

"You don't know her. She would say, 'Samuel Smith Davis,'" imitating exactly his mother's accents, "'what do you mean by asking me to go to such a vulgar place as West Brighton in the evening?'"

"But she allows you to go."

"Well, that is different. I am a boy. She expects boys to be more or less vulgar, I suppose."

"Well, my mother doesn't. She wouldn't be willing for me to go where she wouldn't go herself; and, what is more, I don't want to go anywhere I wouldn't want to see my mother. I don't want to see mother again down at West Brighton of an evening, and I don't intend to go there myself."

"Bless him forever!" ejaculated Mrs. Allen under her breath, with tears of joy dropping down on her work. "I believe, after all" she said, musingly, "that the power of a mother's influence over her children depends entirely upon the strength of the love and respect which they feel for her."—*Congregationalist.*

The Chicago Naval Academy has accepted the Pennsylvania building at the World's Fair.—*Ex.*

It has been said that the battle just fought by the colliers in Lancashire and Yorkshire was a woman's battle. The special correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* tells of a woman who answered his question when he asked what she would do if the strike continued, by turning towards the door of her bare and cheerless home, and replying, "Shoot that bolt, and make this house a grave." That is firmness.—*Baltimore Methodist.*

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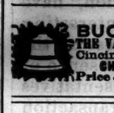

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Home Circle.

Watch Night.

BY HORATIO BONAR.

Watch, brethren, watch!
The year is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch!
Old Time is flying.
Watch as men watch the parting breath,
Watch as men watch for life or death.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity!

Pray, brethren, pray!
The sands are falling!
Pray, brethren, pray!
Yon turret strikes the dying chime;
We kneel upon the edge of time.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity!

Praise, brethren, praise!
The skies are rending;
Praise brethren, praise!
The fight is ending.
Behold, the glory draweth near,
The King himself will soon be here!
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity!

Look, brethren, look!
The day is breaking;
Hark, brethren, hark!
The dead are waking.
With girded loins we ready stand,
Behold, the Bridegroom is at hand!
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity!

FACING THE NEW YEAR.

Mrs. Ayre woke on New Year's day with a groan. It was a dark, drizzling morning. She had neuralgia in her right eye. Baby had screamed with colic half the night. Her husband had not given her a word of sympathy or kindness, though she knew he was awake. He had been moody and ill-tempered for days. Jane, the girl of all work, had given warning the night before. Worst of all, Robert, the eldest son, had not come home until midnight. He had fallen in with some idle fellows of late, and it was, she thought, owing to this companionship that his standing at college was so low.

She went down stairs, her soul feebly staggering under this burden of woes, and opened the windows.

"In my affliction I called unto the Lord," she repeated, looking into the murky sky.

Suddenly a gust of sense and courage swept through her like a fresh wind. Afflicted? Why, God was behind all these petty worries, just as the sun was back of this drenching rain. Had she no faith at all? Was she to go with a whine and lamentation to meet the new year? God was in it, also.

She stiffened herself, body and soul,
With the tears still on her cheeks,
and the choking in her throat, she began to sing a gay little snatch of which she was fond, and ran to her room again to put on a fresh collar and a pretty cravat. She had twenty things to do before breakfast, but she sang on while she was about them. It was a foolish song, yet out of it a singular courage and life stole into her heart.

"With prayer and thanksgiving—and thanksgiving—make known your requests unto God," she remembered. She passed through the kitchen, stopping to wish Jane a happy New Year, with a joke. The wish and the song and the joke fell into Jane's Irish heart like a blazing rocket into a dark place.

She chuckled as she stirred the potatoes. The work at the Ayres wasn't so heavy, after all, and herself had a pleasant way with her, and there was the prisints now and then. In two months she would have enough by her to send for her sister, an'—an' it's likely Tim Flaherty would be crossin' about that time.

Jane brought in the breakfast with red cheeks and a broad smile. There was no more talk of warning from her.

Mr. Ayre, lying awake in bed, was tempted to wish the morning would never dawn. He was a close-mouthed, undemonstrative man, who shut his troubles down out of sight. But the weight of them just now was more than he could bear. Things were going wrong at the works; every day he discovered mistakes and petty frauds. He was growing old; he was behind the times. Younger manufacturers were supplanting him in the market; sharper eyes than his were needed to watch the men and the books. As far as his business was concerned, he was in a miserable, blind alley, from which he saw no exit.

But the hurt which was sorest was no matter of business. Robert was low in his Greek class, and still lower in Latin. He was growing reckless, running with low companions. What he had hoped from that boy! For himself he had no ambition—but for Robert! He was to be a great lawyer like his grandfather. But here he was going to the dogs—at nineteen!

For days Mr. Ayre had borne his misery in grim, ill-humored silence. But now, in his stern despair, he felt he had been silent too long. He would speak in a way which Robert would remember to his dying day. He got up, resolving, as he pulled on his boots, that he should either turn over a new leaf that day, or leave the house.

"If he is set on going to ruin, it shall not be under my roof! I'll not palter with him!" he thought, his jaws set and pale. "I'll disown him."

Just then a cheery song rang through the house. It was the very spirit of good sense and courage. Poor Hetty! She had been sick all night, and worried with that crying child, and there she was, facing the new year with a song. "And I behaved like a brute to her," thought Ayre.

He was very fond of his wife. As he stood shaving himself he listened to her song, and his lips trembled a little. Hetty used to sing Bob to sleep with that ditty when he was a baby. What a big fellow he was! Big in every way. There never was anything mean or sneaking about Bob—a headlong, affectionate, foolish lad.

He listened as he brandished the razor, bolding counsel with himself in the glass. There could be no doubt that Hetty had twice his courage to face disaster. It was her faith, perhaps. As he laid down the razor, he nodded to himself almost with a smile. "I reckon I was too hard on the boy. I'll give him another chance."

He heard Rob's step on the stairs, and opened the door, waiting.

Rob had wakened with an aching head. Defeat at school, the foul talk of his last night's comrades, the first drink of whisky, all tore at the poor boy's brain. He rose sullen, and ready for fight. His father and mother would both attack him, no doubt. He was tired of lecturing. He would cut loose, and earn his own bread like a free man.

Just then his mother's voice reached his ears. It was full of tenderness and cheerful hope. It was the old song she used to be always singing. He listened with a forced scowl. But presently his face softened. Things insensibly began to look brighter. It was impossible that life had reached so terrible a crisis. There was the savory smell of breakfast coming up, and the children laughing, and his mother singing gayly. He came down the stairs with a sudden throbbing of his heart.

Could he go back and begin all over again? He had been an innocent boy a year ago. If father would only hear reason for a minute.

His father looked out of the door.

"Rob, my son," he called pleasantly.

"Yes, dad," the boy answered, stopping eagerly.

"Come in; I want to have a minute's talk with you. You were out late last night. You are often out late."

Robert looked him straight in the eyes.

"Yes, father; I've been in bad company, I know it. I'm ashamed of myself."

"Your mother does not give you up," said Mr. Ayre, irritably. "She has faith in you. I don't see how she can begin the new year with a song. Between you and the trouble at the works, I feel as if my reason was going."

"What is wrong at the works?" said Rob, anxiously "Sit down, father. Don't give me up. Have a little faith in me. With God's help, I'll start afresh. Don't give me up."

Mr. Ayre looked sharply into the boy's face. It was honest; it bore the mark of no bad passion. Perhaps he had not understood Rob—perhaps he had made some mistake in managing him.

"Why do you waste your time, and my money, Robert? You are doing no good in your studies."

"Father," said Rob, boldly, "I'll tell you the truth, I hate books. I never shall be a scholar. Let me go to work. Put me in the factory to learn the business. That is what I have wanted to do all my life. I don't care how hard the work is."

Mr. Ayre's countenance changed as if a cloud had vanished, and the whole face of the earth had lightened. Here was the answer to the riddle! Of course the boy was meant for business—cool, shrewd, honest, wide-awake. Why had he been so blind?

"We must talk it over, Robert. We must talk it over."

His voice fairly trembled with excitement. He shut the door.

Mr. Ayre was called half a dozen times in vain to breakfast. He came at last with Robert. The two men had bright, pleased faces.

"Well, mother," cried Mr. Ayre, "Rob and I have a grand scheme. He is to be my right-hand man in the works. Confidential clerk until he learns the business, and then junior partner. What do you say to that? I declare, I feel as if a mountain had been lifted from my back!"

Rob was standing behind his mother. He pulled back her head, and kissed her. She said nothing, but the happy tears rained down her cheeks.

"I'm going to begin all over again," he whispered.

"Thank God! I knew it would all come right."

"Breakfast, breakfast!" cried Mr. Ayre, setting to work vigorously, while the children drummed on their platters, but Rob stood by his mother gently stroking her hand.

"Dear old mammy!" he said, that was a good song of yours this morning!"

"Yes, Hetty," said her husband. "Your voice is as sweet as ever. But your heart seemed to be singing today, and to good purpose."—*Congregationalist.*

In Westminster Abbey, on the 28th of November, a memorial tablet was unveiled in honor of James Russell Lowell.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

This year for Jesus! Let this be our watch-word for this New Year's day, and the year shall surely bring us joy and peace.

As the world knows the Christian by the sign, "That ye have love one to another," so the Father marks his children by the sign that they bear fruit. "Herein is my Father glorified," said our Lord, in his last talk with his disciples, "that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."

But to bear fruit we must be very much alive ourselves.

Saint Paul tells us: The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

If, then, we wish to teach others the love of God, our own hearts must be full of it.

If we would have joyful faces and hearts around us, we ourselves must be full of joy.

Would we have peace? Let us stir up no anger.

Do we ask forbearance of others? Let us be gentle toward those who offend us.

What we would have others be, let us first be ourselves.

But above all, let us have love.

As the broad arrow of the Queen of England marks everything belonging to her, and men seeing this sign know at once the article on which it is stamped belongs to the Queen, so let all our words and deeds this year bear the stamp of love. And our associates, seeing this mark, will recognize that they come from the King whose seal they bear, and realize that God is still revealing himself through his children.—*Our Young People.*

THE NEW YEAR.

A happy New Year to all! We desire for one and all grace, mercy and peace. We hope blessings will crown every life and heart. To the fullest enjoyment, the year must be made useful; enter upon it with bright hopes; take a firm hold of the hand of Jesus as each day arises; give the Bible daily consideration; keep up a spirituality of mind; put heart into your religion; make home sweeter and better; give your church the preference, rather than the demands of society. Take the Lord into all your calculations.

Form a partnership in Christian activity and devotion with the good, the true, and worthy about you. Determine not to miss any religious privileges, nor to neglect any known duty. Maintain a conscience void of offense toward God and man; meet every occurrence with courage and fidelity; go forward in the fear of the Lord and in dependence upon his grace. Come what may, have confidence in a Heavenly Father's direction, a Saviour's love and a Holy Spirit's support. He who thus meets the year, as it progresses, will find it bringing to him a sanctified use, both of prosperity and adversity, and causing it, on the whole, to be one of the happiest and most serviceable years of his life.—*The Presbyterian.*

THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH.

Little did the Bethlehemites think what a guest they refused, else they would gladly have opened their doors to Him who was able to open the gates of heaven to them. Now their inhospitality is punishment enough in itself; they have lost the honor and happiness of being host to their God. Even still, O blessed Saviour! thou standest at the door and knockest; every motion of thy good Spirit tells thou art there. Now thou comest in thine own name, and there thou standest while thy head is full of dew, and thy locks wet with the drops of the night. No sooner do the shepherds hear of the news than they run to Bethlehem to seek him. Those that left their beds to tend their flocks have left their flocks to inquire after their Saviour. No earthly thing is too dear to be forsaken for Christ. If we suffer any worldly occasion to stay us from Bethlehem, we care more for our sheep than our souls. It is not possible that a faithful heart should hear where Christ is, and not labor to the sight, to the fruition of him. Where art thou, O Saviour, but at home in thine own house, in the assembly of thy saints? Where art thou to be found, but in thy Word and sacraments? Yea, there thou seekest for us; if there we haste not to seek for thee, we are worthy to want thee, worthy that our want of thee here should make us want the presence of thy face forever.—*Bishop Hall.*

We should thank God alike for evil and for good.

Household.

GLAZED SWEET POTATOES.—Wash and pare six sweet potatoes and parboil for ten or fifteen minutes. Cut in halves lengthwise. Make a syrup of half a cupful sugar and three tablespoonfuls of water by boiling three minutes, not stirring it at all or it will be liable to granulate. Add a teaspoonful of butter. Put the potatoes, round side up, in a well-buttered pan and brush over with the syrup. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes, basting often with the syrup in the pan. When done, they will have a beautiful brown surface.

LOBSTER CUTLETS.—Season one pint of lobster meat chopped fine, with one saltspoonful salt, one of mustard, a little cayenne and one teaspoonful lemon juice. Moisten with a thick cream sauce and spread on a plate to cool. Shape, roll in crumbs, in egg and crumbs, and fry in hot lard one minute. Drain and serve.

CHOPPED PASTE.—Chop one cupful of butter, one pint of flour, and one-half teaspoonful salt together until well mixed. Moisten with ice water to a stiff dough; toss onto a floured board, and roll very thin. Roll up like a jelly-roll, and keep on ice until ready to use.

ROYAL CUSTARD.—Beat three yolks and one egg. Add one saltspoonful nutmeg, one saltspoonful salt, a few grains of cayenne. Add one-half cup cream. Strain and bake in a buttered mould until firm. Cut with French vegetable cutters, and add to the soup.

ONIONS IN CREAM.—Boil in plenty of water, changing twice, drain and cover with cream sauce, made with two scant tablespoonfuls of butter, two scant tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half saltspoonful of pepper and one pint of cream.

SALTED ALMONDS.—Blanch two ounces almonds, and fry in olive oil until a delicate brown. Drain on brown paper and sprinkle with salt.

CRISP CRACKERS.—Split and butter Boston crackers. Bake in a moderate oven until a delicate brown.

As there is a right way and many wrong ways to put on gloves, there is also a right way to take them off. They should never be drawn off by the finger tips, unless they are old and very loose. Taking them off in that way soon stretches the ends of the fingers so that they can never afterward be made to give a pleasing fit. Instead, take the glove by the wrist, and draw it gently back over the hand till the second joint of the fingers is reached. It can then be drawn off by the finger-tips without damage. When it is thus taken off, the very best way to treat it is to leave the fingers distended, just as they came from the hand; when it is next wanted, it will fit the hand much more easily, and look better, than if it were smoothed and flattened back into the form of a new glove.—*Good Housekeeping.*

There is one sign of death explained at length in a late work by M. Bouchut of France. This sign has lately been spoken of as a novelty, but it is in fact by no means new. The explanation of M. Bouchut runs thus: "The infallible evidence of death is the progressive chilling of the body, which is put in equilibrium with the surrounding temperature. When this temperature descends below 20 degrees Centigrade (68 degrees Fahrenheit), proved in the armpit, and below 22 degrees Centigrade, internally, that becomes a certain sign of the cessation of life. The proof of this temperature is then a simple and easily-applied means of recognizing in a certain and indubitable manner the signs of death, and it is evident that this means can be put in practice by poor villagers without instruction."

A LUDICROUS BLUNDER.

Between Philadelphia and Washington is a glue factory which "smells to heaven." A lady who was obliged to take the ride between those two points always carried with her a bottle of lavender salts. One morning an old farmer took the seat directly behind her. As the train neared the factory the lady opened her bottle of salts. Soon the whole car was filled with the horrible odor of the glue. The old farmer stood it as long as he could, then leaning forward he shouted: "Madam, would you mind gettin' the cork in that 'ere bottle?"—*Epworth Herald.*

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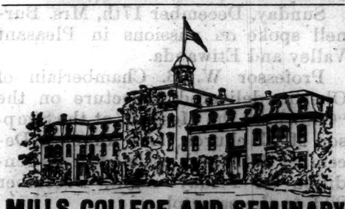

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Southern California.

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GENERAL NOTES.

In these times of ferment in the matter of athletic sports the friends of Pomona College will be glad to be able to look behind the scenes to discover the attitude of students and faculty upon this matter. A complete report of a general meeting held to discuss football will be found on this page this week.

All churches should see to it that they are properly reported in our statistical records. Read carefully the notice on this page as to this matter.

The south end of the State will miss greatly the presence of Rev. W. C. Merrill who leaves San Diego for Massachusetts. A man of his vigor of thought and his executive force will be useful wherever he goes; but we dislike to lose his influence upon this Coast.

The Pomona Opera House was filled, scores of people standing all the evening, to consider the electric railroad to Claremont. The citizens appreciate the movement, and are ready to assist it. Forty subscriptions were handed in, averaging over thirty-five dollars each. One company has contributed $4,800. Several individuals have subscribed nearly or quite $1,000 each, and the amount needed is nearly raised. A committee of the Board of Trade, under whose auspices the Opera House meeting was held, is now completing the popular canvass for funds. It is expected that the road will be completed by April 1st.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTES.

The school at Rochester is increasing, and will use Pilgrim Lesson Helps for 1894.

Our school at Highlands does steady and progressive work under the lead of its now long-time Superintendent, Mr. S. H. Barrett. They are using Peloubet's Lesson Helps. Sunday, December 17th, Superintendent Case addressed the school on his missionary work, and at the evening services gave an address on "The Teacher's Preparation of the Lesson."

Several workers from our Highlands school are conducting a successful mission school, about three miles distant, in the Cunningham district. Superintendent Case visited this school and gave aid and counsel on December 17th. The school will send him quarterly reports, as it is virtually, the successor of the mission school which he organized at Warm Creek about four years ago.

Bethlehem Sunday-school had an attendance of 153 Sunday, December 17th. This school has expectation of getting a library of 270 volumes of our Society's picked books. It will greatly aid to establish and spread the good influence of Bethlehem.

Christmas-trees will not be as good "fruit-bearers" this year as usual; but most of our schools will scatter some cheer and pleasure on this glad anniversary.

Mentone has sent to Superintendent Case the list of its library books (52) for exchanges. They are choice books, largely the best of our own publications. Now, let some other school send in its list, and a plan of exchange will doubtless be arranged. Thus your school can get books as good as new, with only the expense of freight in exchanging them.

The *Pilgrim Sunday-school Missionary* for December is a little late in appearing. It reports that during the three months ending November 30th, the receipts of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society for missionary work was only $8,676; that the expenses were $17,925.16, more than twice the amount received. The Society holds rigidly to its rule, "Never to run in debt." This surplus of expenditure was possible only because a legacy became available. But no legacy is expected the current quarter, and "Children's Day" is almost six months distant. Shall this pioneer missionary work cease? The friends of the cause say, No! Well, then, send your contributions along. A few of our Southern California schools failed to make a Children's Day contribution last June. Most of our sixty churches are in the same list. During the quarter just past the Society aided 684 schools, 155 of which were organized during that time. Why should not every one of our Southern California churches put our Sunday-school Society on its benevolent list and take a collection for it just the same as for the Home Missionary Society? Dr. Kincaid, Home Missionary Secretary, just returned to New York from his trip to our Coast, writes Secretary Boynton: "I was more impressed than ever before with the work of your Society in all these places. Too much cannot be said by way of emphasizing its importance, the magnificent results already secured and the large promise of the future."

The Hon. F. F. Belsey of Manchester, England, says: "I never better understood the power of the Sunday-school than when I traveled through these baby towns of America. In this way a Sunday-school creeps in: A lady is asked to teach just her own little ones and to bring one or two others along. By-and-by there is a funeral in the school and a man's heart is touched. He steals in just to hear the half-forgotten truths again. Then the school stretches out, and presently there will rise out of it a meeting-house. In due course, from that little school there grows the place of religious worship, and soon one denomination after another rises up. This is the growth of religion in those Western cities. You get in first of all through the children."

One of our superintendents went into a mining town with a home missionary. An old gambler spoke of the two, closing his remarks by saying, "The little fellow that worked the kid racket, he got 'em."

Our Sunday-school Missionary in North Dakota certifies to the following: "One young girl sixteen years of age, attending for the first time any public service, had never heard the Bible read, never heard a public prayer, and was afraid at first to come to the service because she did not know what to do. When she got home she told her mother: 'Why, mother, it is better than any circus I ever attended!' and for two weeks, until the next preaching service, she scarcely spoke of anything else but the preaching and the beautiful things the preacher said about a man he called Christ."

CHURCH NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Rev. T. Hendry of Park church, Los Angeles, supplied the pulpit of the East Los Angeles church, Sunday, December 17th.

Revival services held at Bloomington, December 3d to 10th, resulted in adding ten to the membership. Brother Brainerd has recovered sufficiently to be at his work again.

Sunday, December 17th, Mrs. Burnell spoke on missions in Pleasant Valley and Etiwanda.

Professor W. B. Chamberlain of Oberlin delivered a lecture on the "Oatorio of the Messiah" at the Simpson M. E. church, Los Angeles, December 20th, and assisted in its rendition on Friday night, December 22d, in the same place.

The Pomona pastor reports twenty-seven new families added to his congregation in the past three months.

The church in Westminster invites Rev. D. C. Starkey to become its pastor. It is understood that he accepts and moves to Westminster without delay. He has been for some time past pastor of the church of the United Brethren in Riverside.

The church in Compton invites Rev. Dr. Harwood to become its pastor. We have not heard whether he accepts or not. He has for some time past been holding evangelistic meetings at Clearwater, which is within the township of Compton.

Rev. H. C. Abernethy writes from Poway that seven new members were added to his church at the last communion, five on confession, two by letter. All of these except one were from the young members of families already connected with the church or congregation. The pastor hopes for more additions at next communion, first Sunday of January.

Rev. Milton S. Phillips, who not long since came from Connecticut for health's sake, preaches at Avalon for the next two Sundays, perhaps for a longer time.

One pastor writes: "Never was it so difficult to raise money. There is a fine class of people in this region, a good proportion of whom are in sympathy with efforts to sustain the gospel. But such as these are all poor; have but little or no income; find it a struggle to live, and are often at their wit's end to pay taxes. All this puts upon church effort in many lines a kind of paralysis. Aside from this, all is favorable."

Many another pastor makes a similar diagnosis of the condition of his field. Large sacrifices must be made in such churches to meet their obligations to their pastors, and to enable the Home Missionary Society to aid them in supporting their pastors. But blessed are the churches that are built on sacrifice.

Another pastor writes: "There is growth in the Sunday congregation. New families are coming in. They sadly need close, warm pastoral labor. One member said to me after prayer, 'That's the first minister to pray in my home.' I have found outside the church membership persons who have been active workers in other fields. I gave out a Sunday-afternoon meeting for consecration. The first meeting showed a mother in deep waters over her son. An old man who had been out to church but once opened his heart to me, and said, 'I cannot believe in any personal walk with God.'"

The number of young people here is most encouraging. One young man said his people did not care for him, and he never wrote them. I asked their address, and sent a card. A letter came back to him from a friend who said she had written several letters inquiring whether he was dead or alive. He seemed much moved by this turning of events.

POMONA COLLEGE.

The "Folk-Moot" is a new agency of good in the College. It is a democratic assembly of all students and members of the faculty. Has no permanent officers and no stated meetings, but meets whenever any question of importance arises, elects its presiding officer and Secretary, discusses the matter in hand, formulates its resolutions and adjourns *sine die*. If it is a matter requiring formal regulation, the resolutions then pass to the College Senate, a body of fifteen, fourteen students elected by their fellow-students and the President of the College. This body formulates its action, and it then passes to the Faculty for ratification, and if ratified becomes the law; if not, is referred back to the Senate for revision. The following minutes of the last Folk-Moot are given as a sample of the work done, and as timely information to the public as to the position of Pomona College upon the subject of foot-ball contests:

Minutes of "Folk-Moot," held December 14, 1893, at 3:15 P. M., College chapel:

Called to order by President Baldwin.

Mr. Baldwin chosen Chairman of the "Folk-Moot," Mr. Day Secretary.

President Baldwin then read the following preliminary remarks, preamble and resolutions:

Preliminary remarks: "I wish to say—

"*First*, That the Faculty of Pomona College believes in the right-mindedness of the student body of the institution, and that, therefore, the Folk-Moot so called—the body made up of students and members of the Faculty—can be wisely trusted not only to discuss but to share in the decision of all general matters of College policy.

"*Second*. We wish it distinctly understood that each student is expected to act with entire freedom from restraint in the discussion of the matter to-day submitted; that no one may be constrained to vote in accordance with the views of any member of the Faculty through respect to the feelings of such member independent of rational considerations. The decision will therefore be taken by ballot.

"*Third*. Upon Conference with individual members of the Faculty, but without formal action of that body, it has been agreed to refer the matter under discussion to the Folk-Moot, with the understanding that the action here taken will be decisive as to the question at issue.

"*Fourth*. In order to bring the matter to your attention, I have prepared a preamble and resolutions as a basis of discussion and action. To prevent hasty and ill-considered action and pre-judgment of the case, I have not announced to the students the subject to be discussed, nor have I submitted what I have written to any one—either student or member of the Faculty."

The preamble and resolutions are as follows:

POMONA COLLEGE, CLAREMONT, Cal., Dec. 14, 1893.

Resolutions of the "Folk-Moot" of Pomona College:

"In view of the present state of public feeling against football contests under present rules—a feeling very general, and existing among classes of men and women who are entitled to the highest respect; whether that feeling is founded upon rational considerations or not; and

"In view of the universally conceded facts as to certain brutal features of the game which the present rules are ineffectual to prevent, and which make the game, as now played, under the best conditions, to be full of danger to limb and life even; therefore

"*Resolved*, That it is the sense of the body of Pomona College, students and Faculty, in Folk-Moot assembled—

"*First*. That Pomona College hereby records its disapproval of all football contests until essential modifications are made in the rules of the game which shall effectively remove the danger of undiscovered brutal plays, and which shall bar certain mass plays, always dangerous to life and limb.

"*Second*. That in the matter of the game already arranged with the Olives of Los Angeles for Saturday, December 16th, we ask the Pomona College team to send the manager of the Olives, C. W. Chase of Los Angeles, the following telegram:

"The decision of the Folk-Moot is that the game for Saturday be declared off. We yield to that decision, and will pay all expenses of advertising thus far incurred, that your association may suffer no financial loss. LUCIUS M. TOLMAN, Captain."

This written presentation of the case was followed by comments upon its substance, after which it was moved and seconded that the preamble and first resolution be adopted. Voted that discussion be limited to twenty minutes, and ruled that speakers would be limited to three minutes each. C. H. Harwood, B. P. Oakford, E. C. Norton, A. S. Smith, Mr. Goodale, and Mr. Sumner discussed the question. The vote was then taken by ballot, and resulted as follows: For the preamble and first resolution, eighty votes; against the preamble and first resolution, eighteen votes.

It was then moved and seconded that the second resolution be adopted. This was debated by many, nearly all taking the ground that the game could not be given up without causing too serious loss to the Athletic Association; and that it would be possible to secure some modification of rules by agreement, and that negotiations were now in progress looking toward that result.

The following amendment was then offered by D. P. Barrows:

"To strike out all after 'That,' and insert 'It be the sense of the Folk-Moot that, in view of the late hour of our action, the arrangements made with considerable expenditure of time and money by the L. A. A. A., and the unfavorable position in which our team will be placed by now refusing, we support the team in the game now at hand, on condition that the proposed effective measures be taken to prevent foul plays and brutal conduct, and to rule out the more dangerous mass plays."

After further discussion the vote was taken by a show of hands, on account of the lateness of the hour, and resulted in about ninety votes for the second resolution as amended, and five against.

It was voted that the action be given to the press.

Folk-Moot adjourned *sine die*.

DISTRICT MINISTERS' MEETING.

A number of pastors of Congregational churches in San Bernardino and Riverside counties met at the First church, San Bernardino, on Monday, December 18th, to consider the matter of organizing a Congregational Ministers' Meeting. Eleven ministers were present: Hunt, of Riverside; Williams, Spoor, and Eaton, of Redlands; Knodell and Lucas, of San Bernardino; Jewell, of South Riverside; Tracy, of Ontario; Robertson, of Mentone; Norton, of Highlands; and Burr, of Perris.

It was voted to have a ministers' meeting on the third Monday of each month, at 10 o'clock A. M. A committee on organization was appointed to report at next meeting; also a committee to prepare a program for next meeting.

By request of the other pastors present, Rev. T. C. Hunt gave a report of the evangelistic meetings recently held in Riverside, conducted by Mr. Frank L. Smith. He heartily commended the man and his methods of work.

The next meeting will be held on the third Monday of January, at the First church, San Bernardino.

STATISTICS FOR '93.

SEND THEM AT ONCE.

It is expected that the minutes of the last annual meeting of the General Association of Southern California will be ready for distribution early in January. But we want for these minutes the statistics of the churches for 1893. Blanks for these statistics have been already sent out to pastors or clerks of churches. There can be no good reason why these should not be returned to Rev. J. H. Colcord, Claremont, California, Statistical Secretary, properly filled, before the 1st of January. The Committee of Publication desire hereby to give notice that they cannot long delay the issue of the minutes. All the matter for the pamphlet, except statistics for 1893, will be in print before January 1st. The churches that neglect to return their statistics before January 1st do it at the risk of a blank against their names in the minutes. Don't fail to send them in without delay.

IN MEMORIAM.

STROBRIDGE.—Died, in Los Angeles, December 4, 1893, Mrs. Mary Edson Strobridge, wife of T. W. Strobridge, aged 71 years.

Mrs. Strobridge was born in Kentucky, of New England parents, in 1822. She spent her childhood and youth with them in Vermont. Later, living in St. Louis, she became acquainted with Mr. Strobridge, also from Vermont. The intimacy ripened into marriage, which took place in 1847. They came to California in 1852, and were among the early settlers of Sacramento. They lived there twenty-three years, members of the Congregational Church. Often after she had left that city she spoke with affectionate reminiscence of Dr. Benton and Dr. Dwinell, who were successively pastors of the church during her residence there. Ministers of the gospel of all denominations were welcomed at their house. Many of the pioneer ministers, among them Dr. Warren, Dr. Willey and Dr. Pond, have slept in their prophet's chamber. In 1861 she sojourned for awhile in the Hawaiian Islands, having gone there for recovery from an attack of bleeding at the lungs. She became acquainted there with several of the missionary families—the Armstrongs and the Gulicks—and this acquaintance was renewed later in Los Angeles. They removed to Los Angeles in 1875, and she spent there the last eighteen years of her life. For many years before her death she was not able to attend church, and was often a great sufferer from weakness and pain. But she was always cheerful. Her life was prolonged beyond the expectation of her friends, but went out quietly, unexpectedly, with no one present but the husband with whom she had lived so many years. At noon, on a bright sunny day, she bade farewell to earth, and received her welcome home. She was led away with so kind and gentle a hand that her friends cannot wish to recall her to the suffering she endured so long.

SAN DIEGO LOSES A PASTOR.

It was a quiet and thoughtful congregation that filed out of the Congregational church last Sunday morning. After a sermon of such excellence, full of tenderness and power, Mr. Merrill stated that instead of the closing hymn he had a few words to say to the audience, and proceeded to read his resignation as their pastor. He said: "As this pastorate was not ushered in by an installation, there will be no council to hold inquest on the remains"; therefore, it was fitting that the facts usually drawn out by a council should be given to the congregation. He then briefly rehearsed the leading feature of the pastorate, and stated the causes leading up to his resignation. He left a large, wealthy, prosperous and united church to come to a congregation disorganized and oppressed financially by the legacy of a "boom." He had hoped yearly for better times, opening the way for increased activity and a larger work. Instead, "this poor city has been so beaten and pelted and buffeted as by some adverse fate, that not only all prospect of advance is put several years away, but I can no longer ask you to raise the money necessary for my salary, which if continued at its present standard must be felt in the decreased benevolent missionary offerings of the church." He besought his people to stand firmly together, and call a meeting at once to accept his resignation; and, he said, "If any one should seek at that time to show especial friendship, let me say now and here that you could not do me a greater wrong than to assume that I am not honest in my decision, and that a demonstration might induce a reconsideration; moreover, you could not do the cause of Christ a greater injury than to lead a party to mar the perfect harmony that now prevails in this church and congregation."

There was, perhaps, a touch of pride in the recollection, when he said: "Just before I came to this church, one of those tender epistles, an anonymous letter, came to me saying, 'I feel it my duty to tell you that the heart of this people is given to another,' referring to a former pastor. And so it was, as I found for a time, to my sorrow. But it is not so to-day. In these three short years we have learned to love each other, and confide in one another, so that I dare to stand before you this morning, and, claiming a united and happy people, say to you, 'No truer, warmer, heartier souls exist on earth than you have proved yourselves to be to me and mine.'"

The review of the situation was so complete and so happily framed that no opportunity was left for disagreements; and so Mr. Merrill leaves the church which he found rent and torn over the former pastor, sad and troubled at the loss, but united and earnestly interested to find at once a successor, an end always devoutly to be wished. Indeed, Mr. Merrill seems to possess the rare faculty of not only uniting a church already disturbed, but also of leaving it united when duty calls him to another field.

The church is left well organized, with a membership of nearly, or quite, three hundred and fifty. There are some three hundred on the ground, a great many of them young people, speaking well for the future of the church, but not adding much to its present financial strength.

There is a strong Sunday-school under an unusually active and capable superintendent; a large Y. P. S. C. E., with a Junior Society of two hundred or more, said to be the largest in existence. They have set their mark at three hundred, and believe they will reach that number under the able leadership of Miss Nason, the State President of Junior Work.

The church has just purchased a handsome vocalion valued at nearly a thousand dollars, and over five hundred dollars have been expended in beautifying the house of worship.

Mr. Merrill's first work was as Dr. Dwinell's successor at Sacramento, where he enjoyed a pastorate of nearly seven years. He was born and educated in Massachusetts, and will go there to seek further service.

After listening a few Sundays to the regular average work of Mr. Merrill, in which is displayed a deep insight into spiritual things, a profound thoughtfulness and wealth of illustration, combined with rare beauty of diction, we have found it not difficult to see how he could have followed so successfully in a first pastorate one of the ablest men of the denomination.

The kindest wishes and the heartiest Godspeed will go with Mr. Merrill from not only the members of the Congregational Church, but the people of San Diego. The local press professional men who have been interested in his strong and manly sermons, and very many members of other churches, are all outspoken in their regrets at this separation.

We understand that Mr. Merrill has always entertained a determination at some time to seek a pastorate in the State of his birth. After ten years' work in the State of his adoption, the depression of affairs here seems to point to the present as a fitting opportunity to gratify his long-cherished desire. Eminently fitted as he is for New England work, carrying with him his Eastern culture and Western experience, vigor and enterprise, he will not need to be a seeker, but rather will be sought for in his chosen field.

T. R. EARL.

SAN DIEGO, Dec. 18th.

A native Armenian, at present doing business in Washington, has written a long letter to President Cleveland, thanking him for having called attention in his annual message to Congress to the troubles of the Armenians. He says of his people: "Here is a Christian nation of some three millions, that has preserved its faith through fourteen centuries of ceaseless persecution—a nation of peaceful and industrious farmers, skilled artisans (the so-called Turkish carpets are nearly all the handiwork of Armenians), and keen traders; a nation thirsting for education, endowed (according to the testimony of all travelers) with the finest natural gifts, and striving with might and main to take its place in the community of civilized nations. 'You shall not do it,' says the Turkish Government to the Armenians, and proceeds to let loose upon them the Koords and Circassians, evidently with the intention to exterminate the Armenian Christians, or force them to become Mohammedans. And all around stand four hundred millions of Christians of Europe and America, with twenty millions of trained soldiers, all looking calmly on, while their Christian brothers suffer the extreme outrage at the hands of a foe whom Christendom could crush as a man's foot crushes a worm."

How I rejoice over the results of the woman's suffrage campaign in Colorado, not so much that the women have the suffrage as because the whole thing shows the progress and development of men quite as much as of women! Talk as much as we may about the progress of woman, the whole question resolves itself into this: That until men grow just, broad, and grand, they will never deal righteously with us or themselves. Hence I feel that the attitude of the men in Colorado is the most hopeful feature. It is only the beginning of the end. Let us thank God and take courage. Humanity will, in time, reach its high destiny, and vindicate its claim to divine origin.—*Frances E. Willard.*

The advantages of woman at Harvard are greatly advanced. The annex which was started in 1878 is soon to be known as Radcliffe College. It is to be duly incorporated as the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women. This Society has completed the condition, or endowment, required, $250,000. The members of this College will have access to all the opportunities which the University affords, and its graduates will receive the same degrees as other graduates. The name taken for it is derived from the fact that in 1690 Anne Radcliffe of England sent £100 to aid the College. Evidently, the era of woman is coming fast.

Miss Agnes S. Lewis, the English lady who, with her sister, was so enterprising and deft in securing the copy of the Syriac manuscript of the Four Gospels at the Convent of St. Catharine on Mt. Sinai, is endeavoring to raise money to build for the monks there a suitable library room to preserve the treasures of ancient literature which are there, but which are so ill-housed as to be very difficult of consultation. The sum needed is from $15,000 to $20,000. The monks ought to put two new saints on their calendar.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

We cannot answer for our courage when we have never been in danger.—*Rochefoucauld.*